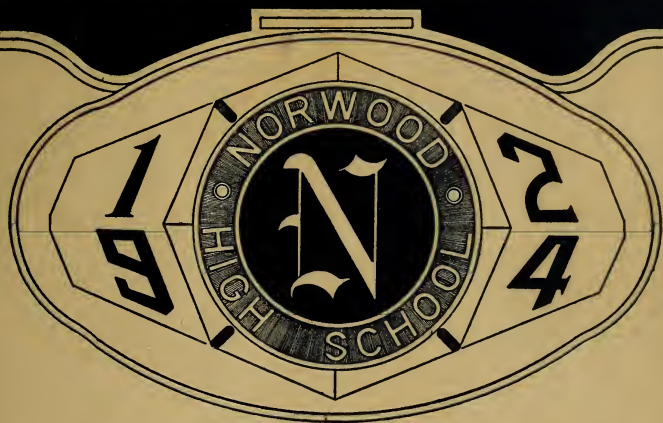


NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL
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THE ARGUENOT



JUNE



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EDITORIALS

Foreword

THE "Arguenot" comes forth from
press

For the very last time this year.

If you wish to know what our paper has
done,

Just lend an attentive ear.

It has told of battles lost and won

On gridiron, court and diamond,

It has told of trips afar.

Our school activities have been aired

And some of our innermost secrets bared

For the benefit of the rest.

It has given us stories long and short

And many poems of every sort,

Some in language new and strange.

We've heard from our neighbors far and
nigh

And kept in touch with our own Alumni

Through its columns of news and fun.

It has given us a chance to express

Our loyal regard for N. H. S.

And that's what we hope we've done!

We can't express all our thoughts
poetically, so we'll lapse into more prosaic
language. We call your attention to the
new Science Department to which we
have looked forward for so long. We
think it merits a great deal of praise,
both as to interest and to real value.
The addition of this Science Club give
us a more balanced representation of
every department of our school work.

And now we want to express our grati-
tude to all who have helped make the
magazine a success, financially and as
to literary content, and to wish good
luck to the staff of next year.

Sarcasm Versus Sincerity

WE have often thought that English
speaking people might avoid a good
many misunderstandings with each other

if our language did not contain so many possibilities of cutting remarks. Perhaps other languages offer just as many occasions for unkindness; probably all humans employ sarcasm in dealing with their enemies; but certainly Americans use it too freely. I mean the haughty, bitter taunts that we hear and read in newspapers so often. It seems to be the most popular way, whenever one wishes to influence public opinion by criticism, to print a few stinging comments in a newspaper, which imply much more than is expressed.

If one really wishes to correct some evil through the medium of the newspaper, there are several reasons why it does not behoove him to employ sarcasm. First, sarcasm is a sign of ill feeling, usually jealousy or scorn; and surely,

only a person who is earnestly interested in a subject can make valuable and effective criticism of it. In the second place, even though the critic is obviously interested, if he pokes fun that is not of the most friendly sort, the human nature of the one concerned may restrain him from following worthy advice. Then, sarcasm, not being straight to the point, may make a false impression upon some readers; while others, finding the matter harsh and poignant, may pass it over unread.

The logical way of impressing upon the public the importance of some reform would be to explain the subject fully and clearly, and suggest a remedy in a friendly manner. Sincerity will always accomplish more than scorn.

HARRIET GAY '24.



The United States a Nation of Law Makers and Law Breakers

*"A thief ne'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law."*

THE ever increasing number of laws which the forty-eight states and the federal government are constantly putting out, the restlessness and mistrust of the people compelled to live under these ever increasing restrictions and

supervision, is becoming a matter of no little concern to some of our ablest jurists. On many occasions in recent months, Chief Justice Taft, formerly President of the United States, has seen fit to admonish his fellow members of the fact

that the dilatoriness and deviousness of modern court procedure is causing widespread distrust and lack of confidence in the various courts of our land.

More recently in a lecture before the American Law Institute, Secretary of State Hughes, ex-Chief Justice, declared that "we have in this country the greatest law-making factory the world has ever known"; that "forty-eight states and the federal government are turning out each year thousands of new laws, while at the same time the courts in the performance of judicial duty are giving us thousands of precedents . . . 175,000 pages of decisions in a single year, an average of 12,000 statutes each year, and an average of 13,000 permanently recorded decisions of higher courts each year."

Before the war, even, Professor Dicey said that the same law-making machines were turning out, at the ratio of fifty to five, more laws than were merely introduced into the national and local legislatures of five such European countries as England, France, Germany, Italy and Austria Hungary.

But regardless of this tremendous volume of law, statistics prove that the United States is the most lawless of all the so-called civilized nations; especially is this true of crimes of violence. Andrew D. White in a lecture some years ago cited statistics to prove that there were 50,000 unconvicted murderers in this country. Your chance of being murdered in this country is twenty times that of being murdered in England. Your chance of escaping the punishment of murder is fifty times that of escaping it in England and France. Therefore, if you are homicidedly inclined, commit your murder in this country. It's safer.

Whatsoever of good and evil may be said of the Puritans, they had, to my

mind, a peculiar idea of freedom and liberty. In England their idea of freedom was to escape the worship of God under the rule of the established church of England; in America they wanted, and got it, freedom to impose their religious and other views on all with whom they associated or came in contact. It is said that the Puritan is an extinct species; but there is enough of the leaven in his blood in the land today to make Puritanism most manifest in our legislators. Everyone who sees anything wrong must get a law to fix it. A very large number wish to regulate the way their neighbors shall run their business, what they shall wear, and what their children shall read and learn in school. In Texas there is a law fixing the length of bed sheets; in Massachusetts it was proposed to fix the length of hat pins, because one of our legislators came in contact with the wrong end of one. Montana proposed a resolution prohibiting the sale of meat on Friday, and in four states of Florida, West Virginia, North Carolina and Oklahoma, the teaching of evolution is prohibited in the public schools. Kansas has prohibited any book written by H. G. Wells to be used as a text book in any college.

Then, too, in America we have a way of feeling that the law does not apply to us but is for the special benefit of the other fellow. For instance, if your boy goes into your neighbor's garden and steals some apples, you make light of the fact, call it a boyish prank and laud your son as a blue-blooded American youth. But suppose your neighbor's boy drops in on you some night and "pinches" your grapes; you call it an outrage and telephone for the police right away.

Think of it! Sixteen thousand new laws a year and many of these are crime-making laws. New offenses spring

up on all sides of us and we constantly live in peril. When the Lord called Moses unto the mountain and gave into his possession the Ten Commandments, it is to be presumed that these ten were all that were necessary for the government of the children of Israel. A perusal of these, if you don't know them, will indicate that mankind has not changed much since the days of Moses; that we are prone to digress from the paths of righteousness much after the manner of the emigrants from Egypt. True, life is somewhat more complex—they did not have railroads, steamboats, telephones, radio, submarines and airplanes, but a further perusal of Exodus would seem to indicate that they had our jazz and modern dance.

* * *

One of the strong arguments made by those opposed to the eighteenth amendment is that the refusal of so many to abide by their particular law results in disrespect for all law and, in consequence, is surely breaking down the foundation of our government. Undoubtedly this is true, but this lawlessness is no new phenomenon. The country has always been lawless. In fact the birth of the nation may be said to have resulted from lawlessness. The Revolution was a rebellion against laws. These laws, unjust as they were, were in due form promulgated by the proper authorities and were binding on our ancestors as subjects of England. That the leaders well knew that they were law breakers is shown by Benjamin Franklin's exhortation to them "to hang together or else we shall all hang singly."

In America law is public opinion, enacted into statutes by the proper and

constituted legislators. Legislation should not be hasty or hysterical. Laws should not be enacted until public opinion has completely crystalized and the effects have been properly weighed. Too often laws are passed at the behest of minorities who make so much noise that their clamor is mistaken for public opinion.

Too much law in America is class legislation, sectional in its effects and not generally effective. The descendant of the Southern cavalier who has completely nullified the fifteenth amendment shouts treason at the "scofflaw" descendant of the Puritan and very nearly everybody flouts and evades the efforts of the treasury department to collect an honest income tax from him. People are not only prone to break laws but they even make heroes out of some law breakers. In this state not so long ago, a man was taken out of office by the judgment of the supreme court for not obeying the laws of his country. Yet within a few months afterwards, over 50,000 people voted to have him reinstated.

The fifteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth amendments have made more law breakers than all the other federal and state laws combined. The fifteenth is completely nullified in the old slave states of the South; the sixteenth is not nullified but it has made the fifteenth of March a national Cheat Day; while the eighteenth has made thousands of law breakers all over the country.

After all, I wonder if we can improve on the Lord; if we could not get along without this burden of laws, by simply living up to the Ten Commandments, thoroughly and honestly.

JOHN JEWETT, '24.

The Wanderer

I dream;
I think my horse dreams too;
Wind shrieks around my hut; hail
 rattles—
We dream of Spring
When we'll be free, my horse and I.

Bursting buds,
Faint perfume of Spring,
A hint of green where all was brown before,
Air like sparkling wine;
We must be off, my horse and I.

Breathless August,
Breezes asleep in the tree-tops,
Dust on the roads where morning dew
 have dried;
The breezes have hidden from me;
Ho, we'll find them, my horse and I.

Trumpets and banners,
Brilliant autumn, world awake,
The wind tosses orange leaves
 over us,
I sing, leap, go mad.
Farewell, we travel far, my horse and I.

KATHERINE FOSS, '24.

Footprints

*"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."*

—Longfellow.

IF the value of great men ended with the ending of their deeds, there would be nothing to impress and help us to make our lives worth the most. Death does not finish service nor does time erase the memories. After the death of a great man, he may be an inspiration to us in our work, or he may set before us a standard of character, or he may leave to us lessons from his life. He leaves his footprints—the marks of his greatness, and memories of his work and character, and an incentive for the attainment of higher things in life.

But what accounts for the greatness of man which leaves that everlasting scent of remarkableness? It is either the quality of the deeds or the quality of the

character of the person. The world at large pays homage equally to the man who has accomplished deeds which have aided in raising the standard of civilization, and to the man who, because of his admirable qualities of mind and character, is to future generations the inspirer of better things and the object of admiration.

J. N. Larned, the author of "A Study of Greatness in Men," says that there are three great factors of character and power which distinguish the greatness of men—the moral, the intellectual, and the energetic. The first takes in "all that gives a moral quality to character and conduct in men," the second includes "reason and imagination with whatever

acts in the mind toward the operation of both," and the third consists of "such forces of feeling as energize human action, by enthusiasm, by passions and desires, and by resolutions and will." These moral and intellectual factors are the causes of the quality of a good character, while the energetic factor is the cause of great deeds. But nevertheless great deeds do not signify greatness unless they are the products of great powers of the mind.

Washington was great, and left his "footprints on the sands of time." The brilliant historian of the English people, John Richard Green, has written of Washington that "no nobler figure ever stood in the fore-front of a nation's life." He is worthy the study and remembrance of all men, and to Americans is at once a great glory of their past and an inspiration and assurance of their future. Washington stands among the greatest men of human history and is worthy of the homage paid him for what he did, for what he was, and for the effect of his work upon mankind. Few men can show at the end of a career such an unselfish and pure character and such unquestionable fame. He was patient under defeat, capable of large undertakings, and a stubborn and reckless fighter. Washington's value to this country in these periods of his public life was derived from the same moral and intellectual qualities which gave him that greatness of upholding strength. He is justly called the Father of his Country for he was paternal in fact. He gave it a national existence and was looked to as a child looks to its parent for guardianship and protecting care. He is upheld as an ideal to every American and his deeds and moral character have left their footprints in the hearts and memories of everyone.

In almost every field of science there is one outstanding figure, but to discuss each one individually in his turn would fill books of biographies. But the impression left by a few can be analyzed.

Robert Fulton has left memories of his perseverance and struggle for success. He was the mechanician, and as the result of his mechanical researches, the world has now that wonderful invention, the steamship. He, in his field of science, may be compared with Samuel Johnson, the writer, who overcame all obstacles to attain success. The poverty of Fulton and his humble origin, as well as his indifference towards wealth, rendered him unfortunate in power based on money. But he was successful in spite of everything, and the steamship illustrated in this country the truth of a statesman's assertion that mechanical power is the vital principle of the age.

The world is left the memory of the great Washington, and the remarkable work of Robert Fulton, but probably the most impressive and everlasting will be the name of William Shakespeare, whose works will be handed down forever from generation to generation. He is the world's greatest writer and writings such as his can never be forgotten or decreased in their worth. He has left behind him footprints which shall ever be guarded by an insurpassable fortification—the appreciation of the world. Shakespeare's writings are the inspirations to man for love of the beautiful, for human nature will always remain unchanged and be exactly as Shakespeare portrays it.

But must the works of great people in other fields be overlooked? Have others not also left their mark which the world can hold up and say about it that "This was the work of Man"? Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson, three of our greatest presidents are our patriots who have

made our land the better for living. The names of Steinmetz and Benjamin Franklin are not slighted and do not suffer from lack of homage paid for the inventions. Nor can the memory of the art of Caruso and Bernhardt and numerous others be erased.

To follow in the footsteps of these men, with their character and works the inspiration, is to give to the world a new name to shine with fame and glory.

If this nation is to be really great, it must be so by the verity and simpleness, by the honesty and earnestness of him who is inspired by the exemplars of great deeds and strives to reach the highest point of success.

*"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."*

BELLA FIREMAN, '24.

Hope Deferred

Write something for the "Arguenot"?

Yes, I do that every time,

But it makes not the slightest difference,
whether picture, prose or rhyme,

It gets waylaid, or else conveyed, to the
realm of things "best forgot"—

But one thing certain, its destination is
never the "Arguenot."

"Keep right at it, play the game," is a
motto of Norwood High.

"Plugging" brings its own reward "in the
good old bye-and-bye."

Patience and perseverance, in time, will
reach that coveted spot—

In the student's estimation—the pages of
the "Arguenot."

Enshrined within my memory are the
days in grammar school,

When my aim in life was a good report
and to follow the golden rule;

But now my greatest problem is to write,
I don't care what—

Provided it's witty or clever enough, to
get in the "Arguenot."

TERESA WELCH, '25.

Caterpillars

MISS LETITIA ROGERS abhorred caterpillars. What was more, she detested little boys, and when both objects of her hatred appeared simultaneously, she developed hysteria and fits and had frequent recourse to her smelling salts which she invariably carried about with her.

She was a rather eccentric old lady,

anyway, people said, and she lived alone in a little white house, battered and worn by the storms of many years. No one ever came to see her, and even the grocery man wore the expression of one about to meet his doom whenever he entered the old house.

However, conditions would have been entirely satisfactory to Miss Letitia,

had not the Greens come to live next door to her; but the trouble then began. For Willie Green was the most exasperating and the most tiresome child she had ever seen and, like most impish little boys, he did not share the general feeling of awe and aloofness toward Miss Letitia. He would peer at her from behind the fence, "grinning from ear to ear" as she herself would say, as she worked in the garden, or he would throw stones at Mr. Humpty, her dear kitty, or tie a tin can on the poor thing's tail, until she could fairly scream with rage. To be sure, he had once helped her across the street when she was bewildered in the midst of heavy traffic, but his deed did not put him on a higher plane in Miss Letitia's estimation, for the outrages upon Mr. Humpty continued.

On this particular morning, she was sitting on her back porch, knitting, although the heat was intense. She had just reached the heel of the stocking she was knitting—and you know the heel requires great care—when she was interrupted by loud mewing and spitting, and poor Mr. Humpty sprang onto the piazza railing, a bell tied to his tail. Miss Letitia was furious. She removed the bell, and stood there glaring at a

roguish grin which disappeared behind the fence. Miss Letitia grasped her smelling salts and proceeded to give "that brat" a piece of her mind. The tongue lashing was halted at the very height of her oratory, by a piercing shriek from Miss Letitia, and she promptly collapsed on the piazza floor.

Two great round eyes were seen at the top of the fence then, and their owner hastily scrambled over it into Miss Letitia's yard to see what had happened. When she regained consciousness, Willie Green was standing beside her, the smelling-salts in his hand. She seemed bewildered for a moment; then she looked down at her skirt. She shrieked again, and wringing her hands, she wailed, "Take it off! Oh, take it o-o-off!!" "It" was one of those squirmy and wriggly caterpillars in existence that summer. Willie had presence of mind enough not to laugh, and soon the squashy thing was disposed of.

Miss Letitia now eyed him with approval, and as he prepared to climb the fence again, she called, "Come here, little boy. I—er—that is—don't you want a cookie?" And that is the way hatred of one thing overcame hatred of another.

MARGARET COSTELLO, '24.

The Next War

WAR was founded shortly after the beginning of man. In the Old Testament we find an account of the killing of Cain by Abel which is the first war we have record of. For many centuries afterwards, war was known to exist only between individuals. But gradually it came to be a struggle between nations.

Wars have been the trail breakers of civilization. Had it not been for wars, civilization would be centuries behind

what it is today. Ages ago man lived in tribes. He would never go any great distance away from his hut. His children and their children would live in the same manner as he had done. Then war would break out with another tribe. Sometimes they would travel hundreds of miles to meet the enemy. On their journey they would find new lakes, new mountains, new rivers, new species of animals, new grasses and plants which

were good to eat. Should they conquer the enemy, they would discover new methods of doing work; or should the enemy be the victor, he would go and capture their camps, and he in turn would discover new things. And so if it had not been for wars, man would have been content to remain where he was. The barbarous Goth became civilized more rapidly after he had swept down upon the highly cultured Roman, than he would have had he not done so at all.

But wars have served their purpose. Man no longer needs them. Within the last century he has used other agents such as the telephone, the telegraph and the cable to civilize his fellow men.

In discussing the next war, we must first glance back and analyze what the World War has contributed towards it.

This war created an appalling amount of hatred. "For nearly ten years," Kirby Page has said, "the creation of hatred has been one of the main tasks of governments." Unfortunately, their efforts have not been confined to adults alone, but hatred has been cultivated in children as well. Ex-Premier Nitti of Italy says that he has found that practically all the schools in Europe are well supplied with books whose sole purpose is to stimulate hatred. For instance, a director of the French schools has written a book in the form of a history of the Great War entitled "Pout Notre France." In it the Germans are described as "hordes of savages, whose profession is war, who go about to despoil, to devastate, and to terrorize."

And mind you, these things are being taught the children at an age when memories are most lasting. This is a firm stepping-stone towards future wars. Once the seeds of hatred have been sown and cultivated, they will surely bear the fruits of revenge!

Fear was one of the great factors which brought about the World War. Fear follows hatred. And fear in turn brings greater hatred. In spite of the fact that two of the old armies have vanished, those of Germany and Austria-Hungary, France has had a larger standing army since the war than Germany had when she was at the height of her military glory.

The economic rivalry between nations has been greatly intensified by the war. Millions and millions of people are dependent upon foreign trade for their very livelihood. Governments search far and wide for trade prizes. And if two Governments are seeking for the same prize, it will lead to a clash and inevitably such clashes lead to war. They have in the past; undoubtedly they will in the future.

Still another point to consider is the friction which exists between the conquered and the conqueror. Nations and peoples are being governed against their own will, and are ready to rise any moment to fight for their freedom. As Lloyd George recently said, "All have an air of biding opportunity; all are armed, ready for slaughter. Europe is a seething cauldron of international hates, with powerful men in command of the fuel stores, feeding the flames and stoking the fires."

During the World War, everything effective that the scientific and military minds could devise to kill as many human beings as possible was employed. Blistering compounds, such as mustard gas, caused untold sufferings and deaths. Phosphorus bombs, which, when brought in contact with the skin, caused severe burns; phosgene, bromine and chlorine, which were used are all deadly gases. Gas shells were dropped from airplanes and zeppelins, as well as fired from guns. Tear gas and sneezing gas greatly irri-

tated the soldiers. Smoke screens were used to great advantage both on land and sea to prevent the enemy from discovering movements. Huge guns were used to some extent, but these were impractical to be used extensively because they were so difficult to move from place to place on the front.

In all, thirty-one million men have been killed by these methods. Ten million people were forced to flee for their lives from their homes. About nine million children were made war orphans. And besides the losses in life, there were the material losses of the war. The grand total cost of the war amounted to 337 billions, or 215 millions of dollars a day, or nine millions an hour. The cost of the war for one hour was equal to the endowment of a great university like the University of California.

Now let us turn to the next war. Militarists predict that the next war will be fought by bacteria, aeroplanes, and gases. In the World War, we realized that women could be of vast importance. While the men fought, the women made ammunitions and carried on the industries at home. In the future, nations will not only kill men, but they will also kill women. For, once the nucleus has been destroyed, the remainder is easy to combat with. Consequently, the bacteriologist will utilize his knowledge in searching for deadly germs. Billions will be compressed in a shell, and a swift aeroplane will pass over a city, drop the shell and in a few hours all the inhabitants of a city such as New York would be exterminated.

But you say this would be impossible. Think for a moment. Were not many of the devices used during the World War thought impossible before they had made their appearance? Again, you may say that our bacteriologists will find some antitoxin to combat these germs. Yes, they may and undoubtedly will; but don't forget that when the Germans launched their first gas attack, the Allies were unprepared and many soldiers were killed. With such a deadly and efficient method as germ shells, a squadron of aeroplanes carrying several shells a piece could easily destroy a whole nation in a day. Lewisite, a deadly gas which will penetrate any gas mask made, was perfected shortly before the close of the war. There will be opportunities for the further development of gases. The aeroplane is in its infancy. We are constantly making tests, making improvements and perfecting this branch of warfare which was used with advantage during the last war.

War has three ultimate results: first, millions of human beings are killed; secondly, nations are ruined; and thirdly, it leaves grounds for another war. Lincoln Stiffins has said, "It is my theory that wars will occur again and again until we learn to deal indirectly, but scientifically, with the causes of them." The next war is not something to be lightly thought of. For we, of the coming generation, will be the ones called to partake in it.

EDWARD B. LANDRY, '24.

Our Purposeful Delays

YOU'VE all seen them—in the classroom, in the factory, at home and sometimes even on the athletic field. A

more common name for them would be "stallars." For instance, in the classroom, when a student is called upon to

read his home-work paper, and with only one or two more ticks of the clock before the last bell rings, he rises leisurely. Then he looks through his books for his paper. Having found it, he fumbles with it a few minutes, then accidentally drops it. Stooping slowly, he retrieves it, and with a last glance at the clock, begins. Scarcely has he read the first few words when the bell rings, and he folds it and passes it in, with a somewhat triumphant smile.

In the factory, men sometimes begin to tinker industriously at something, accomplishing nothing, simply waiting for the whistle to blow.

In the home, too, children are asked to do a few things before school but take so much time on one thing that it is school-

time even before they have started the others.

On the athletic field, especially in school and college athletics, it is seldom found, and even if this occurs, only one person is usually guilty. It does not seem to be so bad when it is done in the classroom, but most boys would consider it extremely unsportsmanlike to do it on the field. Why should it be committed in the classroom when it would not be done in athletics? If it is considered unsportsmanlike in one branch of life, why not in all others? After all, the little things in life count as much as the big. So I think the avoidance of "stalling" should be as important as other things.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

Spring Fever

This is the season of the year
Which almost all the men folks fear,
For at this time a disease is rife
That is always caught by the good
housewife.

A cure for this trouble, as most boys
know,
Is to get the furniture "on the go,"
Sweep the carpets and beat the rugs—
Wage righteous warfare on dirt and bugs.

Floors are polished until they shine,
Curtains are flying out on the line;
Woolens and blankets are packed away
To wait the arrival of some cold day.

At last, with the house all spick and span,
Peace is restored to the heart of man,
And the housewife, with joy in her voice
can sing,
"Now I'm cured till another Spring!"

BARBARA HOWES, '24.

A Maine Adventure

IT was exactly seven o'clock when I left Green City, Maine, for Northville. The country between these two points was rough and hilly, covered with trees and underbrush. I expected to reach my destination by nightfall. But if I could have had a vision of myself as I was to be a few hours later, I might

not have set out. At any rate, I should have thought twice or three times.

But this was not to be, so I set off with a light heart, my rifle slung carelessly over my shoulder. I walked steadily southward, the country growing more wooded and the trail less clear as I advanced.

About noon I sat down in a rocky glen

and ate a part of the lunch which I carried with me. When I had finished, I rolled up the wax paper which had contained my lunch, and threw it into a clump of bushes in back of me, little knowing what a price I should have to pay for this act. Then I lay back on the moss and viewed all the beautiful scenery. My rifle (a perfectly useless thing, I thought) leaned against an oak tree, several yards away.

As I was commenting to myself on the beauty of nature, I heard a strange sniffing accompanied by the cracking of dry wood in back of me. I looked around, startled. Poking his inquisitive nose into my luncheon-paper, which was still filled with the scent of food, stood a bear!

I gazed dumbly at him for a few seconds, which time enabled him to raise his head, gaze at me inquiringly, and decide that food was more abundant and appetizing in the form of me than in the papers. Then he advanced toward me warily. If I had been frightened before, I was paralyzed now. My heart beat like the proverbial trip-hammer, and my eyes seemed about to pop out of my head. As I look back upon the incident, I believe that the bear was more interested in my luncheon than in me, but I did not think so then.

After what seemed to me an age, I woke up to the fact that I was still living, and dashed for my rifle, that "perfectly useless thing." Grasping it, I whirled about, drew it to my shoulder, and pulled the trigger as the bear advanced. The result was a noise about as loud as the hammer of a cap-pistol hitting its mark, minus the cap. The cartridge refused to explode.

The bear was so close now that I could not reload in time to do him any damage; so I raced for the nearest tree that would bear my weight and won the race by a

close margin. I climbed as high as I conveniently could and reloaded my weapon. Then I carefully took aim and fired, just as the bear began to climb the tree. I hit him in the shoulder, causing him to lose his hold and fall to the ground with a thud.

He rose quickly, however, and despite one useless leg, recommenced his climbing tactics. As he glared up at me, I could see that he was now a thoroughly angry bear. I reloaded, took careful aim, and was about to fire when the branch on which I was resting gave a heart-sickening crack. Imagine my feelings, with a hungry bear beneath me, and nothing but air between me and it.

However, I saved myself from falling by grasping a branch, although my rifle clattered to the ground. Now I was practically helpless. It would be only a matter of minutes before the bear would climb the tree and finish me.

As he pulled himself upward, I worked my way outward on my branch, prepared to do anything as a last resort. The bear mounted, slowly because of his injured shoulder, but steadily. He paused within a few feet of me, sure of his dinner now. But he had to wait a little longer, for, hanging from my branch, I dropped to the ground, willing to risk a broken arm or leg if it meant a chance of escape. I crashed to the ground, and as I landed, felt a stinging pain go thru my right leg.

But my first thought was my rifle. It lay a few feet away. Crawling to it, I picked it up and pulled myself to a clump of bushes near by. Then I waited for Mr. Bear. He was not long in coming. He slid to the ground, stood still for a moment, sniffing the air. It gave me an excellent shot. I pulled the trigger, and he fell dead. The bullet had penetrated his brain.

As I looked upon his body, it angered me to think that such a shot would have saved so much trouble and mental suffering less than half an hour ago. But it was done, so I set myself to the task of crawling ten miles with a broken leg.

Sunset found me still on my way. It

seemed as if I had crawled for days. I was compelled to stop and rest innumerable times. But I kept on, and about an hour after nightfall found myself on a high hill, gazing down at the twinkling lights of Northville.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

Mr. Murray

(From Kilmer's Poem, "Trees")

I think that there will never be
A better High School coach than he,

One who works with might and main
To make us players of grit and brain;

A man who spends his daily hours
In teaching us to be Bud Dowers;

Whose spirit makes us win the day
When strength alone can't force a way.

High School coaches there e'er will be,
But not a finer one than he.

HENRY CROSBY, Jr., '26.

Optimism—A Recommendation

I RECOMMEND optimism because I think it has pulled more people out of invalidism to racing health, more minds away from insanity to mental fitness, and more people out of misery and uselessness to the finest kind of life than any medicines, hospitals or religions in the world.

Some people say that the subject of optimism has been overdone; but it has not. There is power in it to revolutionize the world, but it hasn't yet and therefore the subject is not half done.

Through the ages men have founded religions because they wanted to be happy. They worshipped gods because they hoped that if they gained their favor the gods would give them happiness. So then as always those who dared not believe in the goodness of their gods waited for calamities and downfalls and

received them, but those whose belief was firmest that the future held only favorable happenings rose above their fellows and led them into battle.

The people who committed crime upon crime of misplaced expectations produced the people who are the degenerates of today, but those who had an optimistic and firm faith founded families which lead in our present affairs.

As religions advanced and men began to believe in only one God, conditions still remained the same. The fearful dared not believe and were led, and the courageous believed and led. Some had a firm belief that there was a God, but they thought that all sickness and unhappiness was sent by their God to subjugate them. They believed they must bear troubles and sickness because their God sent them. I suppose those poor

people went to heaven, but they had a mighty hard time on the way.

Christian Science came along later in which people believe that there is no sickness because it was not created. But there is sickness, man-created probably, because under certain conditions we can see the germs causing it or in functional diseases find out what physical circumstances cause the disturbances. Medicine and osteopathy and operations are needed to cure sicknesses, but they work faster and better along with an optimistic mind. To prove this: fish is very poisonous to some people, but if their fish is dressed up to look like meat it is eaten without ill effects. It is no pretence on the part of those people because if they know they eat fish they are really dangerously sick. Now, if someone taught them not to expect to be sick they could eat all the fish they want.

Frances Hodgson Burnett has written some of the most wholesome books that were ever contributed to the happiness of the world. In her "Secret Garden" there is a little sickly girl brought up not by her mother but by servants who comply with all her wishes to keep her from going into a rage. At ten she is sour, sallow and abnormal and looks more like a little old lady than what she is supposed to be. In the same story there is a little invalid boy who goes into hysterics every time his will is thwarted. Before people thought he was old enough to understand they had told each other before him that before long he would grow into a hump-back like his father and probably would never live to grow up. The boy *did* understand and never would sit up after that for fear he would discover a hump on his back. If some one tried to make him he would go into hysterics that would leave him white and trembling and really sick.

The wholesome part of it is their gradual recovery of normality after the girl comes to live with the boy who is her cousin.

There is a bright little servant-girl from the moors who laughs at and makes fun of their strangeness and encourages them to go out in the fresh air. Neither the boy nor the girl have ever had any one to play with and they gradually find their lost childhood together.

They discover the "Secret Garden" that no one else knows about and a little moorland boy who charms animals and birds and teaches the boy and girl how to play. They find the garden in the spring and watch it wake up and finally they wake up with it. The little girl forgets to hate everybody and the little boy forgets to expect a hump to grow on his back or to die any minute and they all live happily ever after.

Another book by Burnett is the "Lost Prince." The perfectly normal hero is the ideal boy. From the time he could understand his father has taught him that his fortunes in life lie in his own hands. He believes that true optimism is not hoping for the best but believing in the best.

While the father was a young man he went to India to travel. While going through a small town he heard of a Hindu priest who lived all alone on a mountain top. He was said to charm wild animals and be very wise. The natives feared him and never dared visit him and his magic. This interested Loristan, the man, and he decided to visit the old priest. He had to walk through the thickest of Indian forests for more than a day. He camped outdoors one night and the next morning while the sun was rising he climbed up to the summit of the mountain. Birds were singing and flowers opening

and he felt very close to nature. He came to the hermit's hut and saw a little rustic table in front of it covered with food. Then an old man came up out of the thicket and told Loristan that the food had been prepared for him. While he was eating, a lioness with cubs walked into the clearing. The old man said softly, "Lie down, sister, nothing will harm thee," and the lioness obeyed. The old man told the wondering Loristan that he had been living among them so long that they knew him to be just a brother and were not afraid. He talked with Loristan a long time and told him the secret of his powers. He had many beliefs and creeds, but one Loristan liked and wrote down. It was this: "Let pass through thy mind, my son, only the image thou wouldst desire to see a truth. Meditate only on the wish of thy heart, seeing first that it can injure no man and is not ignoble. Then it will take earthly form and draw near to thee. This is the law of That Which Creates—of the Thought That Thought the World."

Loristan and his son proved that this law was so all through their lives. At one time the son was imprisoned in a dark cellar where any other boy would have been horribly afraid. He kept saying, "I will not be afraid. I will get out, I know," and just then a plan came to his mind how to get out of the cellar. Another thing he did was to think each night about what time he wanted to get up in the morning. He invariably woke

up at the time he intended. I've done that myself.

Now, if it is really in the power of all of us to do anything that has ever been done and many things that have never been done by simply thinking about and preparing for the desired thing, and not the undesired thing that might happen, think of the enormous amount of wasted power there is in the world, wasted power, lost happiness, and unnecessary sickness all on account of that devil of pessimism.

If we know that these powers are in us and know how to get them out, it is very near to a crime not to. Do we want our descendants to be ashamed of our inaction? No. It is the duty of all people to go to and do things right.

The law of the old hermit on the mountain crag can be used by nations. If every nation since the world began had "let its mind meditate only on the wish of its heart, seeing first that it was not ignoble," there would have been no wars, no killing and not half the misery. Leaders would have devoted themselves to civil improvement, science, art, invention and education, and we should have been much further advanced now than we are.

People are now waking up to the psychology of right thinking and before long everyone will have discovered the unknown powers lying within himself waiting for the magic touch of optimism.

KATHERINE FOSS, '24.

Customs Change

As once a knight in days of old
Rode forth in search of prey,
So now a robber, bold and free,
Goes forth and steals today.

The knight did plunder, steal and kill,
It all was custom then,
But now a man is shot or hanged, or shut
up in the "pen."

It shows that customs slowly change,
But is it for good or bad?
A knight's considered good and sane,
A robber, crazy, mad.

And now why do customs alter so
And change a whole world's way?
Why are the robbers not as good
As knights of ancient day?

I'll tell you now it's not "by chance,"
It's all from evolution;
A man is farther now from beasts,
Least that is my conclusion.

MARY WOLFE, '25.

The Sacrifice

LITTLE Tommy Davis and his dog Ted were playing on the sidewalk. Ted playfully ran into the street, and lay down. At that moment an automobile appeared suddenly around the corner, and Tommy rushed towards his dog. There followed a shriek, and a jamming of breaks—but too late. The dog was pushed to safety by Tommy and he himself lay in the middle of the street, all but dead.

The driver of the car, a very prosperous young man from an adjoining town, was taken to the jail, but was later released on bail.

"Oh, of course," remarked some, "young Jack Gray. He's rich but if it were anyone else, he'd be in jail for life."

A few days later, a surgeon and a nurse stood over Tommy. The surgeon was speaking.

"Not the slightest hope—unless we can get someone to offer blood as soon as possible. We might possibly save him then."

A call was sent out for volunteers who would offer their blood in an attempt to save Tommy's life.

It was only a short time later that the first volunteer arrived. He was ex-

amined, and accepted then, as it was absolutely necessary that the operation be performed as soon as possible.

"Your name, young man?" inquired the doctor.

"Harry Downes."

Two days later the doctor left Tommy's room smiling.

"It was a great success,"—but frowning again, "but that young Downes doesn't seem to progress as rapidly as he should. He seems to be failing."

And he was failing. The operation had proven too much for him, and now he was dying.

That night the surgeons watched him, waiting for the inevitable. Suddenly he regained consciousness and spoke with difficulty.

"Is the boy all right—alive?"

"The operation saved him—you saved him."

He gave a sigh of relief and then:

"Well, I might as well tell you who I am. I am Jack Gray."

With that he lay back—dead. He, a young man with everything to live for, had given up his life to save another.

"Greater love hath no man than this—"

HELEN MURPHY, '24.

The Future of the Automobile

THE importance of the automobile in everyday life is unquestionable. "Day by day, in every way—," the once familiar horse team is becoming less familiar. As one humorist has aptly said, "The auto is dividing the people into two classes, the quick and the dead!"

This all goes to prove why we should consider the motor car as it is and as it should be. It is You, the public, who will accept or condemn the motor car of the future. Surely it would not be amiss to look into the merits of all types of engines which might be employed in the auto of the near future.

Before we consider the most vital parts of the automobile, let us note some of the accessories which add to our comfort, and predict their future. Strange as it may seem, auto tops and body frames are now being made experimentally of hard rubber, reinforced with aluminum. This makes the supports somewhat elastic, durable, tough, light and rust-proof. Non-shattering and practically non-breakable windshields and windows are being used in some car models. All varieties of heating and lighting devices are being tested, which utilize the heat of the exhaust of the motor and the lighting system. The many imitation leather, silk and wood substitutes of Du Pont de Neumers and Company are used extensively in auto finishing work. Just recently a New York firm has marketed all kinds of dashboard controls which sell at a moderate price. They include an angle finder, to determine the per cent angle of the grade one is "making," a pivoting compass which is visible to the driver by means of a cleverly placed mirror and an improved type of electric "self winding" auto clock, that dazzles one in the dark (perhaps). This same com-

pany has hopes of the improvement of the present style of gear shift. Many visitors at the Boston Auto Show, held recently, noted with interest the great advances made in connection with four-wheel brake controls and easily shifted gears. It was discovered that greater brake and gear leverage was possible by handling them from the under part of the dashboard. Strict laws in many Eastern states have forced a great improvement in head and rear lights. A Boston electrical concern predicts the day of five hundred foot, focusing headlights, as near at hand.

Before more is predicted for the automobile in general, we must turn to the force behind this "terrible" and much abused "contraption," the engine. Here let me remark, with all due respect to the gas engine and owners of such, that I consider it fairly near a state of perfection and that practically all motor advances will be an expansion of the Stanley Steamer principle. The recently developed "Liberty Motor" is nearly a perfect machine, giving one-half horsepower per pound of weight. Such tremendous power is unfitted to the automobile because of the excessive vibration accompanying an installment of this kind. The "Steamer" principle gives greater power at less cost and does away with nearly all the vibration. This is explained by the fact that a turbine engine is used with steam pressure. We cannot even estimate the possibilities here, when we recollect that a similar light-weight turbine has been patented, developing over sixty thousand revolutions per minute. In France and Germany, tanks of acetylene gas are being used to produce the necessary steam and in this country a gasoline and kerosene mixture serves the

same purpose. The new and startling invention of the Mercury Vapor engine is, according to the inventor, applicable to the auto industry. By means of a condenser or apparatus similar to the more or less common "still," the force and fuel of the engine is conserved, less wastage occurring than by use of steam. Experts at Washington claim this to be more than twice as powerful as the original steam turbine.

Speaking of the future of the auto from a commercial standpoint, the General Motors Company set down in this year's report the following as its working ideal:

"A car to sell for not more than \$1,000.

To run 50 miles or more on one gallon of gasoline.

Weighing less than one thousand pounds.

Have an average running speed of from 25 to 30 miles per hour, and a maximum speed of from 65 to 75 miles per hour."

This is the car for the Broadway in Utopia!

Nothing has been said, so far, concerning that source of comfort—and profanity, the tires, the tires! The much discussed "Balloon Tires" have appeared and the question is asked, "What next?" It is the opinion of many experts on pneu-

matics, that the solid tire will supplant the air-filled type. A more durable and elastic grade of rubber will have to be produced. Already several perforated solid tires have been patented by enthusiasts and sold with little or no success. Because the idea has not succeeded is no reason to presume that it is not plausible or practical.

Someone has been honest enough to define "practical" as that which *I* believe to be expedient.

The auto of the future will be of far greater service to humanity than it is at present, but it will also be a far greater liability to civilization. Its total death toll is greater than that of the World War. This weapon lies in the control of Public Opinion. It is our duty to uphold such laws and understandings as will make it impossible for the reckless and irresponsible driver to exist.

We must also remember that the automobile is primarily an American institution. Our large auto manufacturing centers such as Detroit, Cleveland and Rochester are monuments to American ability and genius. They must be supported in order to assure an American cradle for the automobile of the Future!

L. CLEVELAND, '24.

Signs of Spring

Tops and marbles, bats and balls,
And other things galore—
The clear note of a robin's call,
A widely opened door—
These are signs of early spring
That fill the heart with gladness,
And make a fellow want to sing
And forget all of his sadness.

SHIRLEY HUBBARD, '24.

Individual Thinking

WHEN you are out of school and have the responsibilities of a position, who is going to use your head and think for you? Unless some genius comes forth with an invention with which to work the mind, you will have to think for yourself.

In business, men and women are too busy to dawdle over some other person's problem. "It is up to you" to solve your own. People of ability are often failures because they will not think.

Undeniably, hard thinking is hard work. That is why few people indulge in it. If you paused in your work and carefully thought and planned things, there would be satisfaction in work accomplished. James Watt watched the

steam of the boiling water in a kettle move the cover. Because he could think, and think hard, he invented, he invented the steam engine. Franklin thought and discovered many of the properties of electricity. History has recorded many examples similar to these.

The place for training in individual thinking is the school. Most likely, when you have a problem or some work that appears different, you look at it and decide that you do not know how to do it. Just for fun sometime, work out the difficult task in your mind and see if you have any ability to speak of; the chances are you will have more than you thought you had.

MARTHA CLEM, '24.

Thanks to Captain Kid and Jimmie

MAYBE it isn't fair to blame Captain Kidd for it, but if it hadn't been for that bold sea-pirate and his treasures this story would never have been written. Let me tell you how it happened.

The two "Stacey Girls," as their neighbors called them, lived all alone in the sedate old Stacey home. Before the tragic death of their father some ten years previous, they had lived in luxury. After he died, however, the people noticed a difference in the sisters' mode of living, but not even their closest friends knew whence came the money which supported them in their frugal living.

True, had neighbors been sharp-eyed they might have noticed that after each of Miss Flora's rather frequent trips to the city a piece of their beautiful lustre ware would be missing, or their solid silver tea-service would lack one piece. Certainly they made no parade of their

poverty and there were no traces of it in the Stacey hospitality. A cup of tea was ever ready for the chance caller, a saucer of milk for the stray cat, and always and forever a cookie or an apple for Jimmie, their ten-year-old man-of-all work.

The Stacey girls had plenty of friends, but Jimmie was their faithful standby and champion. Didn't he know all their family history and wasn't he acquainted with all the family portraits from great-great-grandma Stacey down? He knew, too, what Miss Flora's frequent trips to the city meant, so one morning when he came in and found the sisters in tears, his sympathy was forthcoming instantly.

"I think its a shame you hafta sell all your pretty things," he said. "Ain't there nothing else you can do?"

"No, Jimmie," said Miss Flora. "It

takes a lot more money to live now than it used to."

Miss Eva then spoke up, half humorously in spite of her tears. "We wouldn't have to sell our things if we could only find Captain Kidd's treasures."

"Captain Kidd," said Jimmie, "who's he? What's he got to do with it?"

Forgetting their own trouble in entertaining Jimmie, the sisters told him all about Captain Kidd and his buried treasures. Jimmie listened to the tale with eyes growing bigger and bigger.

"Geel!" he burst out, "I betcha I know where he hid 'em. Down in Mermaid's cave. You know you can only get in there at chock low tide, 'cause after the tide turns the water comes a-swooshing in and yer gotta step lively or you'll be drowned. 'Taint safe for women folks to go down there, but I'm goin' down an' look an' if I find anything I'll give you half—honest I will!"

And off darted Jimmie, leaving the sisters to the mournful task of doing up grandma Stacey's tea-set. Jimmie and his quest were forgotten as they took their last look at the beloved china.

The last piece was finally done up and Miss Flora was getting on her wraps when a very much bedraggled Jimmie burst into the room, something glistening hanging from his hand.

"Lookit," he cried, "it's Grandma Stacey, the one that's hanging by the stairs! Captain Kidd must have swiped some of your things, 'cause I found it

down in the cave. I went down there and started to dig, but there wasn't nuthin' in the sand, and just then sumpin' hit me on the head and when I looked up I saw this hangin' up high from a little rock. And there's more things, too, 'cause I felt behind the rocks, but I hadta beat it on 'count of the tide."

The sisters looked at each other and there came to them the recollection of that night ten years before, when their father had been found at the door dripping wet, broken in mind and body, and how he had lingered thru the night and died in the morning without saying anything but a repetition of what to their overwrought ears sounded like "up high, up high."

It was all clear to them now. Their father, with his great distrust of banks, had hidden the family treasures in the Mermaid's cave, which had kept the secret these many years until an unusually high tide had loosened the rock behind which they were hidden and allowed the locket to hang in full view.

At the next low tide Jimmie and his older brother went down and brought back all the treasures. The sisters, in spite of Jimmie's protesting, put aside some for him to have when he grew older.

"And now," said Miss Eva, "we don't need to sell grandma Stacey's tea-set, thanks to Captain Kidd and Jimmie—bless 'em."

BARBARA W. HOWES, '24.

Answering the Call

"IN the course of human events," to use the words of Jefferson, the one great force that had enabled mankind to do mighty things as nations is that love of home and country, termed pa-

triotism. Our country, since the day of its birth, has never lacked the devotion of its people, but before the actual assumption of independence as a nation, our forefathers were bitterly perplexed

by conflicting emotions of loyalty and duty. It is difficult for us who hold the right of our ancestors as unquestionable to imagine the mental struggle that it cost them to sever their connections with the mother country.

The Declaration of Independence was the result of an inconsistency. The American colonies were the pride of the British Empire. They had been settled by Englishmen of the truest type. They afforded England the most prosperous and fruitful trade that she had ever realized. They glorified her, indeed, in every respect but one, and that one, if employed, would have brought about the most friendly relations between England and her colonies. The missing link to her colonial system was her unwillingness to allow her colonists to enjoy the very rights which constituted the greatness of the English nation.

The American colonists possessed all the traditional qualities of their ancestors. They had shown the courage of English warriors in the conflicts with the enemies of the mother country, their manners and methods of local government were English, and most important of all, they were extremely jealous of their personal liberties. As Englishmen, they cherished the right to take part in local government, and particularly to have a voice in their own taxation.

Geographical conditions, furthermore, made the colonist wholly independent of England in providing the necessities of life. It was easier to make use of the natural resources of America than to rely upon importation from Europe. The colonists raised crops, made their own household utensils and farming implements, built ships, established trade, and, indeed, were restrained in their exploits only by the laws of England. Few ever considered it necessary to visit

the mother country, even for educational purposes, for at that time, as many as six large colleges had been established in the colonies.

Consequently, when the British Parliament assumed the direction of the colonial affairs, which had formerly been in the hands of rather indulgent sovereigns, and began to devise means with which to increase the colonial revenue, the Americans started their first active resistance.

Parliament did not intend to exercise any tyrannical control over America. The unpopular Stamp Act of 1765 was introduced for the purpose of raising money to defend the colonies against Indian attacks. But the opposition prompted by Patrick Henry of Virginia was directed more against the principle of taxation without representation than against the act itself, which was not unreasonable.

The Stamp Act was repealed within a year, but at the same time, there being a need for higher revenue from the colonies, more objectionable acts were passed in Parliament. The Townshend Acts took away the right of trial by jury, levied heavy duties upon certain necessary articles, and in other ways made the colonists unjustly dependent upon the English officials. Now came a most urgent call for Americans to assert their rights.

They were quick to act. A firm alliance was formed between the injured colonies, and an effective method of resisting the acts was found in the agreement to boycott English goods. The Townshend Acts were soon repealed like the Stamp Act, but England maintained her right to tax the colonies by retaining a small tax on tea.

That an act of violence, so unworthy of the dignity of well-meaning citizens as

the Boston Tea Party, should be led by some of the most prominent men of Boston, shows how persistently England's right of taxation was opposed.

The result of open resistance in Massachusetts was the first overpowering action taken by Parliament. Town meetings were forbidden, Boston Harbor was closed, and British troops were stationed to see that the Intolerable Acts were enforced. The colonists were then facing a crisis. They could not submit to such oppression and, on the other hand, they saw that further resistance would only aggravate the hostility of England.

They met the situation courageously and wisely, a body of representatives from each colony convened in Philadelphia, forming the first Continental Congress. In the group were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Samuel and John Adams, and other noted leaders of the period. They sent a petition to King George asking that their liberties be restored, and that the friendly relations of a decade before be renewed. Still they clung to the ideal of a united Empire in which perfect harmony existed between mother country and possessions. The thought of denying their allegiance to

Great Britain was as abhorrent to most of the colonists as that of submitting to tyranny.

The justice of separation was realized finally when the ministers of King George intentionally imposed upon the colonies, desiring to start a quarrel. Events followed quickly as a fire of intense patriotism burst forth in America, and before the formal declaration of war at the Second Continental Congress, blood had already been shed. America was fully convinced then as to the justice of her cause, and all reluctance to strike at the nation whence she had derived her very existence was heroically laid aside. Theodore Roosevelt expressed their feeling well when he said that they declared war, not against the English people, but against their "attitude" toward America.

Thus, in the celebrated Declaration of Independence, our forefathers, in the face of gravest danger, courageously opposed the timeworn principles of imperialism, and mindful of the righteousness of their deed, laid the foundation of a great Democracy.

HARRIET GAY, '24.

Little Things

Oh, it's just the little homely things,
The "Never-mind-the-trouble" things,
The "Won't-you-let-me-help-you" things,
That make our pathway light.

And it's just the jolly, joking things,
The unobtrusive, friendly things,
The "Laugh-with-me-it's-funny" things,
That make the world seem bright.

So here's to all the little things,
Those "Oh,-it's-simply-nothing" things,
The "Done-and-then-forgotten" things,
That make life worth the fight.

KATHRYN E. WELCH, '24.

Their Tool

"Let's see those wise athletic guys,
Who think they run the school,
Just try to order me around,
And use me for their tool.

Oh Gosh! here comes that swell head
Smith

Who's got that ordering tongue.
I bet he'll try to send me 'round.
Well, this time he'll be stung.

Huh, what! On top the desk in Bennie's
room

You left your catcher's mit?
You need it for the Dedham game?
Oh sure, I'll go for it."

BELLA FIREMAN, '24.

Silently Sitting

IT was a beautiful night. The moon was a full one, shining in all its glory. The whole sky was filled with tiny bright stars.

Beneath this sky he sat. He was as silent as the Sphinx, as immoveable as a pyramid. His head was buried in his hands, his grim eyes looking down on the grass at his feet. Two hours, three hours, six hours, all night he sat on that marble bench in that same position. Not once did he move. But why? For the simple reason that a statue cannot move.

IRVING FIREMAN, '25.

"We Spend Our Years as a Tale that is Told—"

You may regard this as a parable, or you may not. You may take it literally, or you may not. You may understand it, or you may not. But what is, is; it has always been, and will go on and on, until the end of time—

ONCE upon a time, there was a frail, little boy. He had great, gray eyes that asked questions, and a small, sensitive mouth that asked questions, and hair that was curling and gold, and clung tenaciously about low-hanging branches and inquisitive fingers, which wanted to prove that the hair was as soft and fine as it looked.

The little boy's mother was dead. All the people whom the little boy knew were very big. Father was big, Doctor was big, Gardener was big, Cook was big, and Nurse was big. Sometimes Father talked about Mother; from the tone of Father's voice, the little boy knew that Mother had been quite small and tiny

and dependent. This made him feel that his tininess was not a thing to be ashamed of, after all.

Every morning, when the little boy awoke, he would hear Cook downstairs rattling the dishes, while talking to Nurse. Then he would sit up in his cool, white bed, and look out into the world. Sometimes the garden would be sun-drenched and gay; but then again the raindrops would be racing each other down the window pane. The little boy liked the rainy days the best, for then he could stay in the house, and look at the pictures in the "Wonder Book," or maybe just sit on his tiny patch-work covered tuffet, and listen to the whisper of the rain. But the latter he could do only when Nurse was out of the room. If she found him doing it, she would call Doctor, and he would come, and thump the little boy, and shake his head, saying, "Worse, worse! What is the trouble? Just pinning away—anaemic, anaemic!" And

then Nurse would make the frail, little boy eat a great deal of oatmeal. He did not like oatmeal; so he was careful to listen to the rain only when Nurse was out.

This special morning was a sunny morning, the first for days. The little boy saw a great, golden butterfly alight on a great, golden rose, and saw the rose sway and bend in homage. Then Nurse came in, and after he had been dressed and had had breakfast, she insisted that he go out and play with the Gardener's nephew. The frail, little boy didn't like the Gardener's nephew, for he played games that made the little boy very tired, and made his eyes see black instead of the sunshine on the hedgerows. But he went out just the same and played with the Gardener's nephew 'til noon. Then after lunch he played again, but in the early afternoon his knees began to act in the queer manner they did before his eyes saw black, so he walked quietly toward the garden bench to sit down. But before he could reach it, the blackness enveloped him.

After a very long time, he heard the Doctor say, "Worse! Worse! Anaemic, anaemic!"

The little boy opened his eyes. He was lying in his cool, white bed, and the room was quite dusky and dim, so that he barely could see Doctor and Father and Nurse bending over him.

He lay very quiet, while they whispered together. After a while Doctor and Nurse went out. Father stayed on, until it grew so dark that Nurse came in with a candle. The candle flickered and fluttered, and the little boy watched the shadows that danced on the wall. Father had fallen asleep, but the little boy was not a bit sleepy.

There was one shadow, over in the corner near the bookcase that was very tiny, and frail, and ethereal. It was very interesting, this shadow, for it seemed to creep nearer and nearer. Soon it was bending over the little boy's bed. It reached down, caressingly. He lay very quiet, so as not to frighten it away, and it remained there, at the side of the bed. He moved his head, so that the curls touched the vague edge of the shadow. It moved, and covered the bed, seeming to gather up the frail, little boy into yearning, enfolding arms.

The candle flickered, parted. Father awoke just as it went out, and felt the placid silence and darkness of the room. He leaned far over the bed, and when he moved a little, so that the pale moonbeams touched the little boy's face, he saw thereon a small, peaceful smile. And he knew, somehow, that his frail, little boy was dead.

MYRTHA S. LINDBERG, '25.

Baseball in Brief by the Boys on the Bench

AFTER a two-hour delay a plump specimen of the human race stumbles onto the field and bellows, "Batter up." He wears a coat of armor especially built to withstand the attacks of balls, stones, baseball bats, or any other missiles which are handy to the fan or player when the decision is made. He also

wears a mask. In this attire his character is completely disguised. He is the umpire.

Immediately following his ghastly shriek, an awkward, overgrown victim of this terrible pastime, or a short bow-legged individual (it makes little difference if either knows anything about

the game) steps up to the plate. The plate is a square disc spiked into the ground. The only difference between "home plate" and a plate used in the home is that "home plate" is square instead of round, flat instead of bowl-shape and made of cement instead of porcelain or china. This man with the club in hand is known as the "batter." (The origin of the word "batter" is unknown as the so-called person seldom hits the ball.)

Behind the batter is the catcher.

The rest of the team is scattered at will around the field.

The object of the game is for one team to score more runs than the opposing team. A run is completed when a player has circled the bases and crossed the "home plate," being proclaimed safe by the umpire.

Professional baseball players are one of the queerest races now existing. It is customary for them at the beginning of each season to "hold off" or "stall" saying that they will play for no less than two million dollars. They usually close the season with a five hundred dollar contract, board, and free admission to all games. This is just one million nine hundred ninety-nine thousand five hundred dollars less than they expected. However, what is a mere million to a professional?

But, to get back to the game. The pitcher throws the ball towards the batter, usually having no idea as to where it will land. If it passes across the plate in a favorable direction to be swung at and the batter swings and misses or does not swing at all, it is called a strike, unless the umpire has a grudge against the pitcher and calls it a ball. Three such strikes entitles the batter to a walk toward the bench and if they come too frequently he is entitled to a "cold

shower" and a pleasant journey homeward.

If, however, the ball does not come toward the batter within favorable swinging distance, it is classed as a ball. Four such balls and the batter is allowed to go to first base while the pitcher goes to the "locker room."

If the ball thrown by the pitcher hits the batter, the batter is allowed to go to first base. As for myself, I do not favor this rule. I think that the batter ought to be given an opportunity to throw the ball back to the pitcher and square accounts.

If a player is on a base, he may run to the next base. If he arrives without being forced or tagged out, he is known to be safe. This is called "stealing a base."

(P. S.) Players have been known to steal bases in full view of officers of the law and yet have never been made to answer for the crime. This shows the standing of ball players with the law.

When each team has stumbled through their "three outs," an inning is said to have been completed. A full game consists of nine such innings. In case of a tie game, extra innings are played. Oftentimes it is necessary to call a game off because of weather conditions such as darkness, rainstorm, hail-storms, snow-storms and sand-storms. If the game is called off before the fifth inning, neither team wins. If it is called off after the fifth, the team then in the lead wins.

In the "Big League" the fans don't care who wins, they come to razz the errors and cheer the lucky catchers.

In college it is different. It matters not who plays the best game but which college wins and what the score is.

A college team is usually accompanied by a cheering section. In the middle of a quiet inning they stand up and give some nonsensical cheer such as:

"Horse and Wagon,
Horse and Wagon,
Team! Team! Team!"

This is followed by loud shrieks and yells.

Thus, my friends, you have had my version of 'baseball, and I hope you have had as much pleasure in reading it as I had discomfort in writing it.

F. J. PENDERGAST, '25.

The Gifts of Life

That you get something for nothing you do not believe,

And you say you pay dearly for all you receive.

But let us look over the list for a while—

Now, what do you pay for a baby's sweet smile?

Or the grasp of the hand of a friend tried and true?

Or the love of dear Mother who thinks always of you?

Or the many kind words spoken to you each day?

For the best things on earth, you do not have to pay.

The flowers and birds and beautiful trees—

God did not intend that you should pay for these,

For the brothers and sisters and those who are dear,

For a warm friendly warning when danger is near.

These form but a bit of our God-given wealth,

And we number among them the gift of good health.

Get some things for nothing? Yes, indeed, many;

For those I have mentioned cost not a penny.

WALTER WOODMAN, '24.

Just Like a Radio

"HELLO there!" said Mr. Harris to a salesman in a radio store, "I purchased a sixty-five dollar set in here two days ago. I set it up according to directions and I can't hear a thing on it. You guaranteed the set. It's up to you to make it go."

"Yes sir. I'll see to it tonight."

"Well, you had better get right at it or I'll find out from a reliable house what the trouble is."

That night the salesman appeared at the Harris' house and started to work on the set. One look at the wiring and he announced that the tube had been burned

out because Mr. Harris had connected the "B" Battery where the "A" Battery should go.

"Five dollars and a half will put that set in ship-shape order," he coolly announced.

"Here's your money. Start it going."

The man slowly drew forth a small "tube" from his pocket and inserted it in the socket, gave the set the "once over" and started in to make it go.

"There you are, sir. That is the Shepard's Colonial Orchestra playing at WNAC."

"Huh, that's only three miles away."

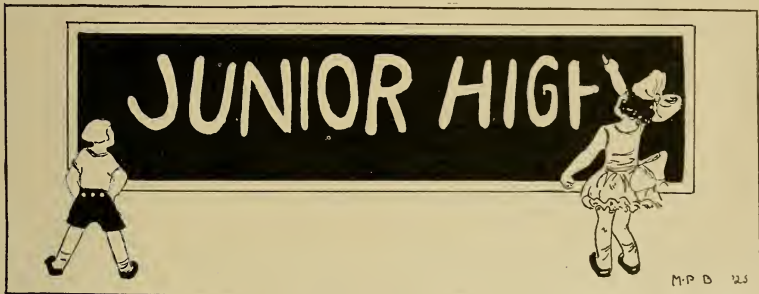
I could hear it louder than that if I took the phones off and opened the windows."

They listened to several other stations for a while and as a result of a few suggestions between the selections the salesman was asked to bring around a two step amplifier.

A month later Mr. Harris returned home from the office bent on showing his partner at the office what a wonderful set he had. After supper he looked up the radio program in the paper and was just about to sit down to "tune in" when his son William announced that he had plugged the tube in an electric light socket

and that it lit real brightly and went out, but when he went to put it in the radio set, it would not light. Mother also announced that the baby had twisted the "B" Battery wires together and had stuck a fork into the condenser. Needless to say the partner of the firm was not entertained by radio that evening. The set was repaired, however, but every night that anyone came something went wrong. Some nights the "static" was too bad, others the navy yard code broke up the party. So finally the Harrises decided to listen themselves and let the neighbors buy one.

C. O'CONNOR, '24.



The Runaway Schooner

THE other day the fishing schooner Admiral in command of Captain George Davis, homeward bound with a cargo of cod and haddock, ran aground on a ledge near Minot Light. As the tide went out, the schooner heeled over until the crew could no longer stand on the deck. So they abandoned the ship and looked for refuge in the lighthouse.

While they were being refreshed with good food and heat, the tide turned unnoticed and rose until the stranded schooner floated free. The rising wind filled her spread canvas and the boat

sailed away. After awhile the refreshed crew looked out the window at the place where they had abandoned the ship. It was not there. Three or four miles away it was speeding along under full sail.

In the distance a tug noticed the schooner's crooked course and headed toward it. According to the law of the sea, if the tug reached the ship first, it would belong to her.

The crew, seeing their mistake in abandoning the schooner too soon, jumped into their dories and gave chase. The captain

and his men after a hard row reached the schooner just before the tug. The crew went to their places while the captain steered the ship for Boston. All

the men resolved never to give up the ship again.

RICHARD CROSBY, 9A.

Washing Dishes

Washing dishes, the job I hate worst,

For it comes three times a day.

It is the job that all boys curse,

But to try to dodge it doesn't pay.

FRANCIS HARRIS.

The Family Cat

The family cat is the family pet,
But when he comes in dripping wet
And gets up on mother's clean spread,
Or onto grandpa's feather bed,
Grandpa gets mad and begins to roar,
And mother, too, is a little "sore."

LUTHER HOWES.

The Family Ford

It looks like a wreck

But you cannot check

The speed of this demon car,

As it chugs down the road

With a happy load

Of boys and girls, Pa and Ma.

It rolls past the Royce,
And the occupants rejoice
And shout, "You better get aboard!"
It looks like a wreck,
But it's going yet—
Our pride and joy, our Ford!

FRANCIS FLAHERTY.

The Haunted House

A LONG-DRAWN cry of pain shattered the stillness of the haunted house which at that moment was occupied by three young adventurers. John, the self-elected leader of the little group, turned to Joe, his trusty second, and said in tones that shook with fright, "Gee, the place is really haunted! Let's get out." The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a rush for the door. As they were nearing it, at a speed that any runner would have been proud of, there was a peal of shrill, weird, unnatural laughter, which held the boys in their tracks for one terrifying moment. As soon as the spell had passed, the boys made for the door again at express-train rate, and this time they reached it in safety. Suddenly Tom said, "John, where's Joe?" "He didn't come out with

us," John answered, "Say, Tom, we'll have to go in and get him, because my father'll be sore if I come home without him."

Five minutes elapsed before it was possible to gather up the shreds of their courage. John then whispered, "Now wait 'till I say go. Ready? All right, one—two—three—GO!" Immediately there was a patter of feet, and the boys headed for the house. They had hardly entered when a fresh peal of that indescribable laughter broke loose and descended on the heads of two terrified boys. But this time they had their courage firmly in hand, with no idea of letting it slip away, so they still advanced toward a black shape huddled loosely in a corner. One jerk and he was pulled safely to the outside air. Joe murmured,

"Oh! my head, my head." "Why, what's the matter?" questioned Tom. "Did he hit you there?" "No," answered Joe, "here's how it happened. Just as I got inside, I stumbled and hurt my toe, and yelled. When you thought I was a ghost, I had to laugh and then when you were afraid of my laughing, I had to laugh so hard that I got a headache." With this explanation Joe

laughed again. John and Tom stood up, looked at each other and nodded.

It is still a mystery to Joe's family why he came home with a black eye, a bloody nose and all plastered with mud, because he only chuckles when asked.

The motion is made and passed that his mother doesn't find out, for the sake of the young adventurers.

FRANCIS GRANAHAN, 9A.

The Willow Tree

Across the way from our place
There grows a willow tree,
In summer it is all green lace,
A pretty sight to see.

In autumn when the leaves all fall
The tree looks dark and bare,
At night it stands so very tall
It gives me quite a scare.

But when King Winter comes around
My tree is fine again,
The snow lies heaped upon the ground
And piled upon my tree, too, then.

I wakened one morning early
And looked o'er to my tree,
It looked all white and pearly,
'Twas wonderful to see.

Next morning it was finer still,
The sun shone on the world,
My tree it sparkled on its hill
Like a rainbow there unfurled.

Each morning now I look at it,
It never looks the same,
One day the snow was over it,
O'er night the ice-drop came.

Then springtime comes skipping along
And out spring little leaves,
The air is filled with merry song
While his nest the robin weaves.

And so from year to year
The seasons skip along,
My tree grows finer, too, each year
As seasons skip along.

BARBARA ROBERTS, 9B.

The Mysterious Horseman

AS the tournament neared its end on the first day, a strange horseman was seen sauntering through the gates. He rode up boldly to the gallery where Prince John was sitting. There he dismounted, and climbed briskly up the steps that led to the throne.

"I say, old man! Could you tell me

where I could get some grub and a bed for the night?" he asked, slapping John heartily on the back. The Prince stared at him, but recovering his self-possession, asked rather sharply,

"Who are you and whence do you come?"

"I am Red Chase and am as tough as

they make 'em. Once I was a cowboy, but I lost my job and wandered out here. I need a meal, moreover; so, to earn it, I will fight those five iron men over there."

The Prince, after a brief conversation among his nobles, decided to accept this plan and bade his men make ready for the event. The cowboy went over to his horse, patted it, said a few kind words and tightened the saddle girth. He then mounted, and sat impatiently waiting for the herald to sound his bugle. At the signal the cowboy rushed out to meet his first opponent, Front De Boeuf. The latter poised his lance for a thrust, when he received the greatest surprise of his life. Something soft and swishing cut through the air and hurled him violently to the ground.

De Bracy, who was next, took heed and was more cautious. The cowboy threw his lariat at him but missed. De Bracy, with a shout of triumph, closed in and raised his lance. His blow failed, for suddenly a sharp crack was heard, and De Bracy fell limply to the ground. Exclamations of amazement escaped the crowd and much curiosity was aroused

as to what had downed De Bracy. Further conversation was cut off by the arrival of the third knight, Fitzurse.

Fitzurse was doubly cautious and the cowboy had a hard time downing him. As Red Chase was bearing down, Fitzurse suddenly swerved and struck the cowboy a glancing blow on the head. For a moment he was stunned and his brain was in a cloud. Fitzurse might have won right then and there had not a disastrous event taken place. His horse slipped and the cowboy, seeing his advantage, drove his horse at him, sending him headlong to the ground.

The fourth knight, Ralph Du Pont, charged hastily, and without judging accurately. Swinging his lariat in a wide loop, the cowboy sent Du Pont and his horse to the ground. The fifth and remaining knight, De Bigot, courtously declined to fight and left Red, the cowboy, victor of the field. Amid all the praises that were showered upon him, he walked up to Prince John's throne and said,

"Say, Boss, if it's all the same to you, I'd like that meal."

JOSEPH A. BREEN, 9A.

By the time Dixon starts to grow and Tony stops, it will be time for Ellie Anderson to get stout.

* * *

Dixon: "Do you have to see a doctor to get booze?"

Tony: "No, afterwards."

* * *

Dick Crosby said—"I am so tough, I eat marble cake and brick ice cream."

* * *

Cryptic remarks: "Cutting each other's throats behind their backs."

Miss Heagney: "Williamson, did you take home that message?"

Williamson: "I left it on my mother's desk."

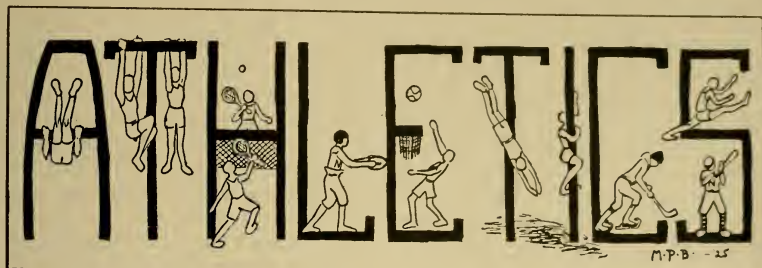
Miss Heagney: "That's funny, it wasn't written. I told you to tell her to come and see me."

* * *

Miss Potter: "Miss Hayes, how do you pronounce 'goût'? Goo?"

Miss Hayes: "Goût? Goût, oui; goût, oui."

Miss Potter: "Oh, gooey, gooey!"



Baseball

A large number of boys answered the call for baseball candidates. At a meeting, Coach Murray explained that the boys who were not kept on the varsity would form class teams.

The team has been revised quite a good deal this year. Fitzgerald is catching, Dower is covering first and Flaherty second; MacLean is the hot-corner guardian and Drummey plays short. The outfield is composed of three veterans, Spierdowis, Thomas and McDonough. Molloy, Karshis, Dowdie and Riley are the hurlers.

Norwood vs. Brighton

Norwood started the year right by defeating Brighton by the score of 2 to 0.

Norwood vs. Waltham

Norwood received its first set-back at the hands of Waltham. The playing of the home team was decidedly below standard. Molloy pitched a winning game, but his support was ragged. The home-run smash by Fitzgerald was the outstanding feature of the game.

Norwood vs. Jamaica Plain

Jamaica Plain High was defeated by the score of 6 to 1 in the third game of

the season. The visitors were held to two hits by John Dowdie, who pitched a sterling game on his first start. Dowdie received good support throughout the contest. The infield completed a double-play in the closing chapters of the game, to emerge from a difficult situation.

Norwood vs. Dedham

Norwood was vanquished by her traditional rival by the score of 3 to 2. Norwood held the lead until the eighth inning. Despite the defeat, Molloy pitched a good game and deserved a better fate. It was a close game all the way with Dedham out-hitting Norwood by just three hits.

Norwood vs. Boston Latin

One more game was chalked up in the victory-column when Norwood encountered Boston Latin School. John Dowdie started in the box for Norwood but was forced out in the latter part of the game because of a bad ankle. Norwood's home-run king, Fitzgerald, connected for two circuit clouts. Latin threatened to overcome Norwood's lead in the ninth, but Molloy, who had released Dowdie, managed to quell the rally and retired the side with the score standing 7 to 5 in Norwood's favor.

THE SCIENCE CLUB

NOT so very many years ago, "The Arguenot" would hardly have deserved the name of "news sheet," and now it is at last a progressive school institution. And so it is with all of our school institutions, poorly organized and less than poorly supported at first, but gradually building up on the merit of the project.

Notwithstanding that so many "good souls" recoil at the idea of something new, we are about to launch a Science Club and a Science Department in the school and its periodical. The aim of such an organization or department is to

give a fuller knowledge, or better still, an enjoyment of scientific achievement. It is hoped that in the near future, a Radio Club may be formed and as another subdivision, a course in qualitative chemical analysis. (This was started last year by Mr. Carl Smith.)

In the meantime we urgently beg you to give this new idea fair trial, to contribute articles for the Science Department in the "Arguenot" on subjects of popular scientific interest, and to promote by your interest and enthusiasm this new branch of your school.

L. CLEVELAND, '24.

Science in Our School Paper

IN most schools there is a mistaken idea in the minds of the student body about the content of science. In the minds of some Chemistry existed to satisfy those who thought that it would be just great to mix acids and bases and different solutions to produce different colors. Others think that it was introduced simply to satisfy the college entrance "exam" requirements. From the murmurs in the English Class about giving up three pages to science it seems that if the student majority had their say, our excellent Literary Department would not be curtailed to make room for such "trash."

Look at science from the opposite standpoint for a moment, however, and the "pros" will overbalance the "cons." It is far ahead of everything else; so far in fact that the generation of today is just beginning to see through yesterday's scientific achievements. Were it not for science we should be doing the same things today which our ancestors did centuries ago. Where should we be, for instance,

without the steam engine? The first idea of a steam turbine was expressed several hundred years B.C. by Hero. What would we do without our modern magnetic appliances? The first electric bell was invented over a century ago by Professor Henry. This marked the beginning of our modern telegraph, telephone and radio. These come under one branch of science called Physics.

"But what of Chemistry?" you may ask.

Under Chemistry, we find one advancement which has enabled the doctor to secure a name for himself. **R** is the sign which on one hand cures people and on the other hand, since 1920 at least, breaks their pocketbooks. It is one, instance of the cooperation between Chemistry and Medicine. It means "take" and appears at the head of prescriptions which are simply compounds devised by the chemist to produce a given reaction in the system. Another advancement which has been made is with

coal—not the slate which we burn or try to burn in our stoves, but real coal. In times of war a “coal tar” plant may produce enough explosives to kill millions of men, while in times of peace the same plant may produce enough artificial silk to make millions of dresses or the gaudiest of dyes. The former is known to the chemist as an organic compound called cellulose acetate or a compound of cellulose and a little acetic acid. If, however, we add nitric acid to the cellulose, we have a compound quite different from artificial silk which is known to all as guncotton.

These are only a few of the scientific

achievements which have proven beneficial to mankind both in peace and in war, yet there still remain several important sciences, namely, Biology and Bacteriology, which with their contributions of anti-toxins such as those for small pox and diphtheria as well as the late discovery of Insulin, have played no small part in the salvation of human lives.

Think only of these few advances and you can no longer resent the chance to learn of the modern advances of science as presented through the Science Section of the school paper.

CHARLES O'CONNOR, '24.

Luther Burbank

THE pioneer in any new line of thought is first ridiculed and frowned upon; then abused; later endured and pitied; and afterward accepted as an oracle. Such was the lot of Luther Burbank, but he struggled forward from the humble position of ordinary beginner to the envied heights of the world's foremost plant breeder.

In the small but beautiful New England town of Lancaster, Massachusetts, was born, the seventh of March, 1849, Luther Burbank, the thirteenth child of Olive Ross and Samuel Walton Burbank.

Luther was a quiet, serious child, whose most noticeable trait was a love for flowers. And as Burbank later said, it was from his mother that he received his inspirations, for she also was a lover of nature. From his early boyhood he studied plants, trees, fruits—in fact everything which grew from the earth. One of his uncles was a scientist, and when he would visit the Burbank family, he used to walk with the boy through the

woods, and from him Luther would learn the names of the various forms of plant life.

He received an excellent education at the Lancaster Academy, took great interest in chemistry and mechanics, learned the useful trade of carpentry, and for a time worked in a factory near his home. At twenty years of age, Burbank decided to study medicine. But his father's death prevented him from continuing.

Soon after, the family moved to Groton—now known as Ayer, Massachusetts. Young Burbank purchased a seventeen acre farm at Lunenburg, for the purpose of growing seeds and garden products.

In his early experiments on the Lunenburg farm, he discovered the famous Burbank potato, which is a seed from the early rose potato.

After three years at Lunenburg, in 1875, Burbank decided to move to California, because the conditions for carrying on agriculture were better.

During the fourth year at Santa Rose an incident of importance occurred that

proved to be the turning point towards success. Burbank received a "rush" order from a wealthy merchant of Tomales, California, who had become interested in prune growing. The order was for twenty-thousand prune trees to be produced in a single season.

By placing French prune buds on the required almond seedlings, which sprout almost as readily as corn, it was accomplished, and within the specified time. Never before or since, so far as is known, was a two-hundred-acre orchard grown in one season.

At this point Burbank ceased to be a beginner. The prune experiment advertised his work locally, and by degrees his fame spread throughout the world.

Among his numerous discoveries is the spineless cactus. Lives of thousands of people in the farming regions of India have been saved by the Luther Burbank Spineless Cactus, according to Booth Tucker, who was formerly a judge in India.

He declared that the planting of the spineless cactus in regions that previously had been ravaged by famine and disease, had solved the problem for these districts, and provided food for thousands who might have otherwise perished.

This cactus bears fruit beautiful to the eye and with flavors resembling those of peaches, muskmellons and pineapples.

Eighteen years ago he began, and has lately completed, the task of retracing the evolution of corn from the Indian grass teosinte. It had taken nature centuries to accomplish this evolution. He carried teosinte through successive stages of development and produced perfect ears of corn.

Nor is this all. Incidentally, Mr. Burbank created a fodder plant. Until now all teosinte had to be raised in tropical

climates. Through scientific breeding, Burbank developed varieties of this grass which may be grown as much as 1,000 miles farther north and south of its original home. In the northern states it is possible to produce fifty times as much fodder and grain as the commonly cultivated teosinte of the South.

One of the chief new horticultural productions of the "plant wizard" is white hulless oats, that thresh out like wheat and weigh about sixty pounds to the bushel instead of forty-five pounds.

Another new creation which he has named "Molten Fire," is a gorgeously colored flower of the poinsettia type. Its brilliance surpasses anything ever produced in the flower kingdom, according to those who have seen it. The "new amaranthus" is the botanical name.

Although the name of Luther Burbank is familiar throughout the civilized world and even where civilization is partial (for Burbank's name has even reached Darkest Africa) few appreciate how strenuously he has worked.

The great plant breeder spares neither time or effort when working out his theories. What he has done he accomplished, despite the handicaps of ill health and poverty. And he assures others, if they have the will, patience and persistence, they can reach the heights he has attained.

He has a great many admirers. He is one of America's most notable figures, and not only as a plant breeder, but as a scientist of first rank and a great public benefactor.

Burbank works to definite ends.

The practical education in plant biology derived from years of constant study and experiment, enable him to bring about new forms of plant growth.

After fifty years of continuous effort, he is now able to keep familiar with every

detail of the thousands of different experiments.

As a demonstration of his patience when striving for a desired improvement, his work with the daisy may be taken as typical. In developing the Shasta Daisy, Burbank produced millions of plants and blossoms, destroyed ninety out of a hundred, and continued with seeds of the

survivors until he had developed the exact production he had visualized.

The state of California sets aside the seventh of March, Burbank's birthday, as "Burbank Day." On that day the school children plant trees and flowers, and a delegation of children from the various schools of the state are entertained at his home in Santa Rosa.

Forward

THROUGH its newly acquired space in the "Arguenot" the Science department will endeavor to lift the shroud which envelops the "mysteries" of science.

To the layman, Chemistry is a maze of formulas: Electricity—shocks; Biology—bugs; and Physics, more formulas. However, when we start to study one of these subjects, we begin to see it as a systematically developed train of reasoning which is backed by laboratory proofs of its authenticity in the form of experiments. In science nothing is taken for granted, everything must be proven.

Other than the reading of the experiments from a "dry" textbook, we have no other way of following the progress of

science than by reading the biographies of some of the leaders in the different branches.

Since it is prophesied that the next war will be fought with bacteria, the educated minds of the country will be stirred to action by reading of Biological Research throughout the ages. We, who are just entering on the subject, will do well to give it more than a passing scrutiny, because we may at some time be called upon not only to devise means and methods for curing and preventing disease through our knowledge of bacteria, but also to use our knowledge for offensive or defensive methods of warfare.

H. Br., '24.

Accident Versus Invention

I WILL readily admit that accident has had much to do with the origin of the auto as it has also with the progress of the sciences. But it has been by scientific processes and experiments that their accidental results have been rendered suitable to the purposes of common life. Besides, a certain degree of knowledge and scientific combination is required to understand the effects which have originated in accident. It is certain that in all

fires, alkaline substances and sand are fused together and clay hardened; yet for ages after the discovery of fire, glass and porcelain were unknown, till some men of genius profited by the scientific combinations often observed but never applied. It just suits the inactive, whose minds have never attempted anything, and who probably if they did would not succeed, to call accident that which belongs to genius. In the progress

of an art, from its rudest to its highest and most perfect state, the whole process depends upon experiments. As Huxley has said, "Science is, I believe, nothing but trained and organized commonsense." Iron was discovered at least one thousand years before it was rendered malleable; and from what Herodotus says of this discovery, there can be little doubt that it was developed by a scientific worker in metals. Vitruvius tells us that the ceruleum, a color made from copper, which existed in perfection in all old paintings of the Greeks and Romans, and on the mummies of the Egyptians, was discovered by an Egyptian king; there is, therefore, little reason to believe that it was not the result of accidental combination, but of experiments made for producing or improving colors. Again, the

steam engine in its rudest form was the result of chemical experiments; in its crude state, it required the combinations of the most profound principles of chemistry and mechanics. And that philosopher who has given this wonderful instrument of power to civilization was led to the great improvements he made, by the discoveries of a kindred genius of the heat absorbed when water became steam, and of the heat evolved when steam became water. Stop and think for a moment of the countless things this invention has given to the progress of the arts and manufactures in our country. Although the inventions connected with the steam engine have greatly diminished labor of body, they have tended to increase power of mind and intellectual resources. *Ed.*

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

A La Classe de 1924

Bientôt La Classe de 1924 doit se faire graduer. Les membres de cette classe ont passé quatre ans de travail difficile de ce lycée. Maintenant ils doivent entrer dans le monde extérieur; les uns aller travailler, les autres à continuer leur éducation dans une école d'étude plus haute. N'importe quelle route ils prendront, nous tous espérons qu'ils réussiront.

VINCENT KENEFICK, '25.

Le Tableau Noir

Avants les vacances, le tableau-noir est sale, effacé, couvert d'écritures in-exacts, des tableaux drôles, des phrasés qui ne sont pas finis, toutes ces choses-là sont toutes barbouillées ensemble comme un livre dans un cauchemar.

Après les vacances, le tableau-noir est propre, blanc, aplanert, attendant les impressions nouvelles. Encore les phrases inexactes seront placé esla-dessus mais toujours des phrases correctes seront placées ici.

Post Scriptum: Cherchez la morale.

MYRTHA S. LINDEBERG, '25.

Le Printemps

Le printemps est arrivé en toute sa gloire. L'herbe est vert et lefeuillage des arbres fleurit. Il y aura bientôt beaucoup de fleurs. Les oiseaux sont venus du sud et on peut les voir assis dans les arbres. Ils chantent du matin au soir. Le rouge-gorge est un très joli oiseau. Il n'est pas très grand mais il chante bien. Le moineau anglais est un très méchant oiseau. Les chats en ont peur. Ils mangent le fruit et les légumes

dans les jardins des fermiers. La plupart des oiseaux sont utiles parce qu'ils mangent les insectes.

MILDRED SKOOGBERG, '26.

"Colomba"

Le personnage le plus intéressant de "Colomba," c'est Colomba elle-même. Quand elle nous est présentée pour la première fois, elle est vêtue de noir parce que son père est mort. Elle est très jolie et très remarquable. Elle a de longs cheveux qui forment une sorte de turban autour de sa tête. Elle agit toujours sous l'impulsion du moment et elle est remplie de vengeance. Elle fait peine quelquefois à son frère, mais il l'aime toujours.

GLADYS KEITH, '25.

Mon Français

Un jour je suis entré dans la classe de français,
Fatigué des yeux et triste,
Car je venais de rentrer l'école ce jour,
Après les vacances que j'ai eu.

Je pensais de dimanche de Pâques,
Et comment j'avais dépensé mon temps,
Sonnant la vieille cassette,
Quand je vendais un limon citron.

Alors Mlle. Hayes criait, "Riley,"
Vous ne pouvez pas dormir ici,
Si vous n'étudiez pas toujours,
Il y'aura plus d'école pour vous.

CLEM RILEY, '24.

Le Dernière Classe

Dans un petit village d'Alsace il demeurait une fois un petit garçon qui n'aimait pas à aller à l'école. Un matin au printemps il y est arrivé très en retard. Au lieu d'être grondé, il était regardé

sans colère par Monsieur Hamel, son maître. Il a enjambé son banc et s'est assis très vite à son pupitre. Quand tout était tranquille Monsieur Hamel leur a parlé. Il a dit: "Mes enfants c'est la dernière fois que je vous fait la classe. L'ordre est venue de Berlin de ne plus enseigner que l'allemand dans les écoles de l'Alsace. Le nouveau maître arrive demain." Sa dernier leçon de français! Comme il regrettait maintenant qu'il n'avait jamais étudié. Quand les leçons étaient finies, ils ont dit "au revoir," à Monsieur Hamel qui a crié, "Vive la France."

LOUISE NUGENT, '25.

Impressions d'un Garçon Français Dans Notre Ecole

Un garçon français, qui a récemment visité notre école, était beaucoup confus. D'abord il était très étonné de voir des garçons qui couraient à l'école, le matin, à huit heures cinq, pour arriver avant la dernière sonnette. Dans les écoles françaises les élèves arrivent de très bonne heure car ils sont en retard les maîtres les punissent sévèrement. Ils tiennent leurs élèves sous une discipline très sévère.

Plus tard notre visiteur voyait les élèves qui allaient aux classes en riant, en parlant à haute voix, et (deux ou trois) en mâchant de la gomme. "Ma foi," pensait-il, "les élèves américains ont beaucoup plus de liberté que nous." À l'heure de la retraite il était très surpris de voir ses amis américains manger, jouer du piano, et danser. "Danser à l'école! Comme c'est étonnant," nous disait-il.

Non, nous ne sommes pas comme les Français, mais nous croyons que nos écoles sont les meilleures du monde. Danser et chanter c'est bon. Il nous fait mieux travailler car il éclaire nos

âmes de pensées heureuses. Sans doute le garçon français voudrait bien faire les mêmes choses que nous, mais son maître qui ne sait pas les méthodes modernes ne lui permet pas.

ROSE LEVINE, '24.

Entre Nous

Connaissez-vous les élèves suivants de notre école?

Mlle. Riz, Mlle. Brun, Mlle. Gai, Monsieur Homme-de-Bois, Monsieur Tambour-y, Mlle. Marais, Monsieur Guillaume Forêt MacMaigre, Mlle. Le Vigne, Mlle. Prix-ello, Mlle. Wat-Fils, Mlle. Péché-claire, Monsieur Terre-ry, Monsieur Cleve-terre, Mlle. Coups, Monsieur Sable-sone, Mlle. Comment-es.

BELLA POMPIER, '24.

Setenta y Dos Puntos

En esta escuela como en muchas otras yo creo, hay muchas personas que piensan mucho en sus setenta y dos puntos. Posiblemente algunas personas piensan mas en sus puntos que en muchas otras cosas de la escuela. Eso es una idea muy mala, yo creo. No es para puntos que vamos a la escuela; vamos para aprender algo y mucho si podemos. Naturalmente es bueno ver si usted tiene bastantes puntos así que usted no tendrá que permanecer otro año en una clase, pero eso es una cosa diferente. Eso es así que usted trabajará mas y así que usted tendrá bastantes puntos al fin de su curso. Pero, con muchas personas es un caso de hacer setenta y dos puntos y de recibir una diploma y como yo he dicho, eso es una mala cosa. Si estas personas estudiaron un poco mas en vez de pensar tanto en sus puntos ellos tendrían un mejor éxito.

GEORGE FREDERICKSON, '25.

Algunos Ambiciones de la Clase de Espanol

Señor Allen

Hacerse un orador de español.

Senorita Cocoran

Tener una casa en East Walpole.

Señor Foley

Tener el derecho de hablan.

Señor Flaherty

Hacerse un radical.

Senorita Gifford

Demostrar carros de nenes.

Senorita Owens

Obtener una risa nueva.

Senorita Swift

Tener cabellos largos.

Senorita Higgins

Tener pecas.

Senorita Morris

Hacerse tímida.

Señor Molloy

Hacerse una estrella de football.

Senorita Hayes

Tener una clase de español con alguna inteligencia.

PANSY DONALDSON.

Perros Son Nuestros Amigos Mejores

Yo tenía un amigo quien tenía más de noventa y dos años. Le gustaban mucho los animales. Un perro perdido le venía un día y se quedó con él.

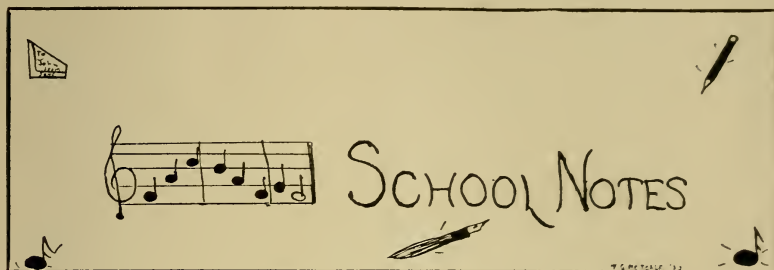
Este hombre fué un ceigo y el perro le acompañaba en todas partes. Si el perro veía acercarse un automovil, se ponía delante del hombre hasta que pasase. Ha hecho muchas cosas como esto.

Hace cuatro o cinco meses este hombre se murió. El perro fué atado con cadenas en el pátio. Una noche, escapó y entró en la casa. Había muchas personas allí.

El perro entraba y resollaba en todas partes. Cuando estaba cerca de la cajita soltó en ello. Ponía sus garras en el pecho de su amo querido y gritaba como

un niño. Algunos hombres le bajaron y en el pátio otra vez. No fué daño.

M. B. OWENS.



School Activities

THE Senior Class and the Glee Clubs have begun work on the music for graduation, under the direction of Mr. Morse. "Hunting Song" by Scott and Brockway, "Spring Chorus" by Smelana, "In Springtime" by Becker are the three pieces selected.

So far this year, the High School Orchestra has played in public only three times, at the annual Board of Trade meeting, on April 7, at which the prize essays were read by Misses Howes, Pratt and Gifford; between the acts of the Senior play, "Nothing but the Truth," on April 22 and 23; and again at the Teachers' Club play, "Agatha's Aunt," on May 6.

ON Thursday, May 8, occurred the much delayed Modern Language Assembly. The various performances in French and Spanish were very amusing, if not enlightening, to all.

The program was as follows:

"La Retournelle," a French song, by Alice Pratt.

"Une Affaire Compiquée," a French play acted by M. Drummy, J. Dowdie,

L. Cleveland, C. Rafuse, J. Slattery, C. Sansone and F. Dower.

"The Wreck of the Julie Plante," a recitation, by Raymond Hartnett.

"La Marseillaise," by a double quartet.

"Un Episodio en un Dormitorio," a Spanish play, acted by George Frederickson, Margaret Owens and Olgot Johnson.

"La Paloma," by Anna Higgins.

Miss Hayes and Miss Foster were in charge of the assembly.

The Quest Club

Founded by the Class of '25.

The Quest Club, though of such recent origin, has grown rapidly. We have 168 charter members—152 students and 16 teachers. The membership list is now closed, but will reopen in September.

By-laws have been drawn up and adopted. The following officers have been elected:

President, James Pendergast, '25.

Faculty Councillor, Ruth M. Gow.

Recording Secretary, Harriet Gay, '24.

Financial Secretary, Marion Swift, '25.
Corresponding Secretary, Mary Ryan, '26.

As the Class of '25 were the founders of the organization, it is fitting that the Executive Committee of the Junior Class should form a part of the Executive Committee of the Quest Club. In addition, two representatives have been chosen from the Senior and Sophomore Classes: Seniors, Carl Ambrose and Bella Fireman; Sophomores, Evelyn Keddy and Carl Donovan.

The Questers have made the following trips:

March 1—A group with Miss McGonagle attended Galsworthy's play "Justice" at the Copley Theatre.

March 2—Several Questers and Miss Gow attended a concert by Galli Curci at the Boston Opera House, and afterward visited the Boston Public Library.

March 7—A number of boys went to Tremont Temple to see the motion picture "David Copperfield."

March 14—Mr. Smith secured tickets for twenty-two students to attend a lecture given at M. I. T. on "Atoms, Molecules, and Electrons" by Dr. Norris, Head of the Department of Chemistry. This was one of a series of lectures given annually by the members of the faculty of M. I. T. under the auspices of the Society of Arts.

March 19—Permission was granted for twelve Questers to visit the United States Ship the "Leviathan" at Commonwealth Pier. This was an exceptional opportunity for Norwood High School students, since the "Leviathan" was not open to the public.

March 23—Several Questers with Miss Gow and Miss Blake attended a concert by Fritz Kreisler.

April 4—A large group, chaperoned by Miss Gow and Miss Coughlin, visited the State Prison at Charlestown.

The Quest Club has been the source of much real pleasure to all who have participated in this year's activities. We sincerely hope that in coming years it will be continued with the same ideals, and that it will become a permanent organization of Norwood High School.

HARRIET GAY, '24,
Recording Secretary.

STRANGE though it may seem, the class of '24 are not the only representatives of N. H. S. to graduate this June. At that time Miss McGonagle of the Commercial Department receives her diploma from Boston University as Bachelor of Business Administration.

Miss McGonagle, though we of the Class of '24 may hate to admit it, incidentally brings more honor to N. H. S. than we, for she is a member of the Delta Mu Delta, a society similar to the Phi Beta Kappa, and composed only of those who obtain very high grades in their studies.

Despite our envy, we extend our heartiest congratulations.

Over the Radio

A teddy-bear sat on the ice

As cold, as cold could be;

But soon he up and walked away.

"My tale is told," said he.

Miss Abbott: "A man has ten cartridges; five of them are for protecting his life, three of them are for game, and two of them are for amusement. He loses two. Which two does he lose, Dollaher?"

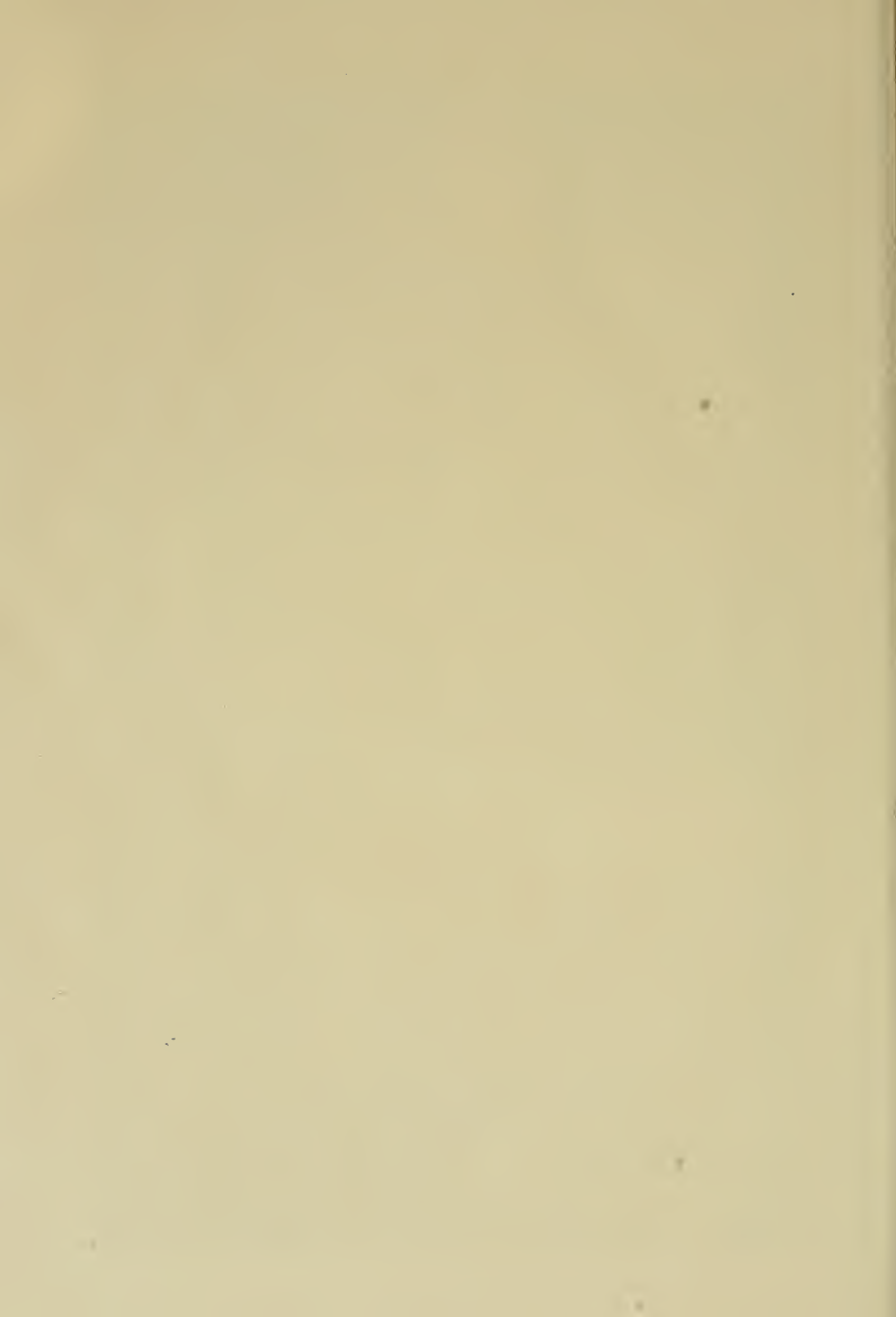
Dollaher: "He loses the two that are missing."

* * *

Heard in the corridors: "The Juniors are so ambidexterous!"



THE CLASS OF 1924



Senior Class Notes

SENIORS, the thirteenth day of June is your last day in Norwood High School. That will be a day that none of us will ever forget for it is one day that comes only once in a lifetime. It will never happen again, a fact that many of us regret. But it is not for us to become sad at parting from our classmates and schoolmates, but to become happy for we have our future to consider.

It is up to us to advance. That can never be done unless we start forward with new incentive, with new ambition, and with high hopes if we expect to make a place for ourselves in life. Yet this does not mean that we shall lose all of our companionship, for class reunions will bring us together every year. Think of this, Seniors, and graduate with happy faces. Be eager to face what's in front, and ready to commence.

The Senior Play was a great success, both financially and dramatically. Never before did anyone think "Tenner" was an actor of first rank, while Alice Smith completely surprised us. Frank was his usual handsome self. John Jewett had a hard time telling "Nothing But the Truth" but he certainly made a fine leading man. When the time comes, Lillian will surely be ready, we think, to take the part of a society matron, while Gertie will be a perfect spoiled child of society. We didn't know Eddie could be so meek as the bishop was (in the first acts). Nellie Patinsky was one of the sweetest maids we have seen. Mabel and Sable—do I have to remind you again of their parts? They acted so realistically that—well, lots of people thought Mr. Burnham had stolen two real "stars" for the night. Perhaps the greatest surprise in the whole play was the versatility Charlie O'Connor displayed. Mr. Burn-

ham made no mistake in the part of Van Dusen—or for that matter in any part of the play.

The financial success of the play was due in great part to Evelyn Turner's fine work as business manager. The Candy Committee performed very efficient work, and kept the appetites of the audience appeased.

The dramatic success, as usual, must be attributed to Mr. Burnham. The numerous delays in getting the cast together, and then the Civic fire causing the play's postponement, made it unusually hard for the coach. We imagine, however, that it would take a very great upset indeed to discourage Mr. Burnham. The cast certainly enjoyed working with him and will all remember him as one of the best friends they had in High School.

All plans for Graduation have been made. Both boys and girls have decided the momentous question of what to wear. The girls are to have white silk dresses and black shoes and stockings, while the boys will wear blue suits, black shoes, and bow ties.

Class honors are as follows: Class Will, Ruth Watson; Prophecy, Lillian Burdette; Oration, Margaret Costello; History, John Jewett; Class Statisticians, Helen Murphy and Evelyn Turner; Gifts to Girls, Bella Fireman; Gifts to Boys, Frank Foley; Chairman of Banquet Committee, George Allen. At a recent meeting the writers of the three best essays were announced, Alice Smith, Barbara Howes, and Margaret Costello.

Little marks in history,
Little marks in French,
Make the baseball players
Sit upon the bench.

As the Wise Man Sees Us

- Bud Dower—"Better late than never."
- K. Welch—"I chatter, chatter as I go."
- P. Donaldson—"Hang sorrow! Care killed a cat."
- A. Smith—"One vast substantial mind."
- B. Fireman—"Oh, keep me innocent, make others great."
- M. Costello—"A brisk, firm step, a person with common sense."
- N. Readel—"Neat, not gaudy."
- L. Cleveland—"Spin dervish-like about through circling sciences."
- N. Lynch—"She is so free, so kind, so apt; so blessed a disposition."
- W. Fitzgerald—"My car is laden with them."
- F. Foley—"Is there no method to tell her in Spanish?"
- K. Foss—"At once! we cry, 'fresh pens, fresh paper seize, and write, and write, and write.'"
- E. Rice—"A simple ring, with a single Stone."
- E. Landry—"A man thou art—a man thou shalt be."
- G. Allen—"My life is one dem'd horrid grind."
- W. Woodman—"Too busy with the crowded hour."
- S. Hubbard—"Yes, call me by my pet name."
- C. Ambrose—"Silence is more eloquent than words."
- H. Diggs—"Wit, the flower of imagination."
- N. Patinsky—"The more the merrier."
- H. Murphy—"I would rather be than seem to be."
- A. Mahoney—"Working is itself a pleasure."
- E. Johnson—"Never unprepared."
- E. Eppich—"Right and forward."
- M. Clem—"The trouble is small, the fun is great."
- D. Norton—"You come late, yet you come."
- A. Marsh—"Satisfy a few; to please many is bad."
- R. Levine—"To hope to is to enjoy."
- H. Gottberg—"The wisest are the most annoyed by the loss of time."
- G. Foren—"It's a great life after all."
- J. Dowdie—"The office shows the man."
- D. Brown—"Faith is everything."
- E. Smith—"Hope not for impossibilities."
- F. Slaney—"Imagination rules the world."
- A. Phelan—"Idleness is an appendix to nobility."
- E. Zurba—"Honor lies in honest toil."
- J. Doyle—"Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."
- J. Thomas—"I was never less alone than when by myself."
- E. Keeler—"A smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye."
- C. Rafuse—"The only way to have a friend is to be one."
- L. Burdett—"Home is where the heart is."
- L. O'Neil—"Deeds are males; words females are."
- R. Morris—"Every man is the architect of his own fortunes."
- E. Turner—"He who goes the lowest, builds safest."
- O. Thompson—"The very pink of perfection."
- E. Flaherty—"Life is short, yet sweet."
- A. Lyons—"Laugh and be fat."
- M. Fulton—"Life, believe us, is not a dream."
- M. Morris—"They love indeed who quake to say they love."
- L. Carlson—"I think, therefore I exist."

H. Parrock—"Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet."

H. Gay—"For a good poet's made as well as born."

C. Sansone—"Mustachios like a Sergeant of Dragoons,

And a most inimitable swagger."

W. Blasenak—"Stately and tall, he moves in the hall—The chief of a thousand and for grace."

A. Karshis—"A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."

F. MacLean—"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."

R. Watson—"A pretty lisping utterance."

J. Jewett—"But O! as to embrace me she inclined,

I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

E. Harjux—"Contented with little and cantie wi mair."

R. Sopp—"Confined to common life thy numbers few.

And neither soar too high nor sink too low."

R. Cedarfeldt—"A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy."

B. Howes—"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,

Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant (girl);

Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee;

That there's no living with thee nor without thee."

E. Smith—"One thing is forever good, that one thing is Success."

P. Farioli—"Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,

So much the better,—you may laugh the more."

E. Sinclair—"The one that loves and laughs must sure do well."

K. Johnson—"The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air."

M. Drummey—"Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Simpromus,—We'll deserve it."

C. Flaherty—"I must learn Spanish one of these days."

K. Devens—"Can one desire too much of a good thing?"

T. McDonough—"On with the Dance! let Joy be unconfined;

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet."

C. O'Connor—"I value science—none can prize it more,
It gives ten thousand motives to adore."

Topics of '24

Bud's going to be a soloist. He's developing his voice at graduation rehearsals.

* * *

Although I do not wish to anticipate the Class Prophecy, I should like to state that Bibs has already started a reform school.

* * *

Mr. Smith's hope of a new "social order," started in the Physics Class, is dwindling. Why is that, Charlie?

* * *

We wonder if Miss Abbott thinks that a class like that of '24 will ever again inhabit room 200!!!

Unnatural Happenings in 200

Margaret Costello was caught whispering.

John Jewett stopped talking.

Frank Foley passed a U. S. History Exam.

Jeff did his Trig. lesson.

"Raining pitchforks" is pretty bad, but when it comes to "hailing street cars," it is rather tough weather.

Ten Nights in a Drug Store

(With apologies to "Ten Nights in a Barroom")

Tony's coffee shop was crowded;
All the regulars were there.
About the door there stood a score
Who couldn't find a chair.
My buddy Brown had just put down
His seventeenth root beer,
And Bud Maclean, the taxi man,
Was drinking cherry cheer.

When in there crept a ragged bum.
"Who'll buy a drink of milk
For poor old Lew?" said he.
"Thanks, friend—I knew I'd find a
friend.
In days gone by I travelled high;
My shirts were made of silk,
And all was well before I fell
For chocolate malted milk.

"I used to say that I could drink,
Or let the stuff alone,
But heaven knows I liked each cone
That I consumed with greed,
And it's far too late to mend my ways,
So let me die in peace.
For each cone I consume, confirms my
doom
And speeds the bitter end.

"Now, you've heard my story, boys,
Plain soda's suicide.
It made me what I am today—
I hope it's satisfied.
Just one more request, when Satan's best
Have rushed me to the ropes,
Oh, be a friend in need
And send me down my ice cream cones.

CHARLES SANSONE, '24.

Miss Gow in Math. class: "MacLean,
your three faces aren't equal."

Charlie: "Do you ever do any public
speaking?"

Lindsay: "Well, once I did."

Charlie: "When?"

Lindsay: "Once when I asked a girl to
go to the Senior dance over the tele-
phone."

* * *

"Professor," said a graduate, trying
to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted
to you for all I know."

"Pray do not mention such a trifle,"
was the reply.

* * *

I took a girl out in a boat;
She vowed she'd go no more.
She said, "I won't go out with him,
He only hugs the shore."

* * *

Stewed: "Give me a dish of prunsh."

Steward: "Stewed?"

Stewed: "Now, thash none o' your
bishnish."

* * *

"Now suppose," said the teacher, "a
man working on the river bank suddenly
fell in. He could not swim and he would
be in danger of drowning. Picture the
scene—the man's sudden fall, the cry
for help. His wife knows his peril, and
hearing his screams, rushes immediately
to the bank. Why does she rush to the
bank?"

Voice from the Class: "To draw his in-
surance money!"

* * *

Mr. Grant (speaking to Seniors): "All
those who are willing to make candy for
the Senior Play, raise their hands."

(All hands raised except Dower's.)

Mr. Grant: "Dower, did you raise your
hand?"

Dower: "Well, I couldn't get it out of
my pocket."

Junior Class Notes

Everybody's writing poetry. We intended to write some also, to the Seniors—an ode, or something, to say a sad farewell. We got as far as—

"Farewell, oh Class of '24!"

You are now standing at Life's door—" then we couldn't think of anything to rhyme with "Fate" except "hate," so we decided we'd better not write it.

But though we can't say it in flowery language, we are really sorry to see you graduate. (And next year we'll be sorrier still, to see ourselves graduate.) We hope all of your life will be as happy and carefree (for you) as Room 200, 7th periods (Jeff and Tony billed as star performers!) and that you'll play as successfully in life as you did in "Nothing But the Truth" and on the football field. Good-by, Class of 1924, and good luck!

The last term has given the Junior girls an opportunity to show how they can back their class.

Margaret Caverley had charge of the Colby Glee Club Concert, and to judge by the snatches one still hears from "It Ain't a' Gonna Rain No More, No More," that concert was certainly a popular success.

The girls of the Junior class helped in adding to the returns from the Senior play by making some of the candy offered for sale.

The girls of the Junior class also helped in the Civic Drive by enthusiastically taking part in the Food Sale and in Tag Day.

Mary Balboni, Dorothy Williams and Helen Corcoran head the decorating committee for graduation. A letter has been written to the Senior class asking for the class motto and for any preferences regarding decorations, so that work

can begin as soon as possible, and the results be satisfactory to all.

For information as to what the Junior boys have accomplished, we can only direct you to the baseball diamond, or to track, and there let you judge for yourself. They're there. And just wait until next fall, when they're Seniors, and on the football gridiron!

* * *

We woo thee, Gentle Slumber, while—
Miss James gives out the home work.
Waldheim raves on in English.

The Seniors and Sophomores play (or attempt to play) basket ball.

Mr. Grant lectures in assembly.

And the seventh period drags its weary feet over the allotted time.

* * *

Enthusiastic Essayist: "Yes, sir, I'm going to write on 'Something for Nothing.' I've had experience! I got an 'E' on my exams and I did absolutely *nothing* to get it."

* * *

Miss Elliot: "What is the punishment for treason in the United States?"

Dumb-bell: "Life imprisonment, or death, or both!"

* * *

Mr. Cobb (after being happily married for a month): "Why, what are all these threads in the skin of this roast chicken?"

Mrs. Cobb (alias D. F.): "Well, my dear, it said in the cook book to baste the chicken every half hour, and I burned all my fingers trying to hold that hot bird and push the needle through at the same time!"

* * *

Miss James: "What other method of punishment can you use except the rod, Waldheim?"

Waldheim: "Use a hairbrush."

The teacher in English (after reading the first chapter in a new book): "Well, who can tell me about what period this book was written?"

Pupil: "Before nineteen eighteen."

Teacher: "How do you make that out?"

Pupil: "Well, it says that the hero was admitted to the bar."

* * *

Miss Gow, seeing Tony trying to open a cupboard: "Karshis, you can't get in that cupboard."

Karshis: "I don't want to. I only want to put my hand in."

* * *

Johnson: "Wm. Dane was a crook inside, but he was smooth on the outside."

Voice: "A skin you love to touch!"

* * *

Miss Abbott: "Is the Titanic wealth, in its present condition, useful?"

Eppich: "Yes, it is a good house for the fish."

Miss Abbott (indignant on being told that the class has to learn too many dates): "How many dates have we had this year, Maini?"

Maini (hurriedly): "Er—er, gee, I'd rather not tell."

Class: "Tee heel!"

* * *

Hastings (after prohibition has been suggested as subject for oral composition): "Let's not have any more of these commonplace, uninteresting, dry ideas."

* * *

Linds: "Gee, they're jazzing up the old hymn."

She: "Hymn! Indeed! That's 'The Land of Jubilo'."

Linds (vaguely): "Well, I don't have much to do with hymns."

She: "But you make up for it with her!"

* * *

Miss Abbott: "What is religious tolerance?"

Miss Barry: "Divorce."

The class emblems for the Class of '26 seem "pretty snappy" we think.

They came out May 29 and most every Soph bought either a ring or a pin, not as a "barbaric ornament" but as a class seal or emblem.

The trouble is, though, if nearly everyone can rake up a five-spot for a ring, why not a dime for the treasury? We ought to pity poor "Ed" and give him a chance to get a new straw "bunnet" or whatever will be the next thing he'll use class money for. I think a good plan would have been to have paid up dues for the whole year last September and had it over with. Let's end this year with a full treasury. If there's a good "movie" on or if one is hungry at recess,

there's generally a dime around somewhere.

Sophomore Jokes

Miss Rice: "The travellers got out to stretch a few legs."

* * *

Lappin: "You have already found a railway station on a sidewalk."

* * *

Scampini: "She could not carry any more than 20 people."

* * *

Crosby in English: "Put a comma after that first horse and an exclamation after the second."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

We thank all of our exchanges heartily for the pleasure we have received in reading their magazines during the past year and wish each and every one of them the very best of luck and prosperity in the future.

And now, we acknowledge the receipt of the following:

- "The Spectator," Chicopee, Mass.
- "The Newtonite," Newton, Mass.
- "The Tauntonian," Taunton, Mass.
- "The Item," Dorchester, Mass.
- "The Chronicle," Hartford, Conn.
- "The Advance," Salem, Mass.
- "The School Life," Melrose, Mass.
- "The Unquity Echo," Milton, Mass.
- "The Broadcast," Jamaica Plain, Mass.
- "The Herald," Holyoke, Mass.
- "The Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.
- "The Tattle-Tale," Wareham, Mass.
- "The Ateneo Monthly," Manila, P. I.
- "The Tatler," Buena Vista, Va.
- "The Junto," Easton, Pa.
- "The Sagamore," Brookline, Mass.
- "The Mirror," Dedham, Mass.
- "The Neponset Review," East Walpole.
- "The B. U. News," Boston, Mass.
- "Oak Leaves," Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.
- "The Bulletin," Watertown, Mass.
- "The Durfee Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.
- "The Reflector," Woburn, Mass.
- "The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.
- "The Radiator," Somerville, Mass.
- "The Aphis," North Abington, Mass.
- "The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School.
- "The Advocate," Needham, Mass.
- "The Garnet and White," West Chester, Pa.
- "The White Mule," Colby College, Waterville, Me.

COMMENTS ON OUR ARGUENOT

Your short stories were good and the magazine on the whole is a fine piece of work, but a page of cartoons and a joke or humor column would be worth while assets.—"Broadcast," Jamaica Plain.

A very neat, well-balanced magazine. We are proud to have you on our exchange list. Our only suggestion is that you enlarge your Exchange Department.—"The Advocate," Needham.

An excellent magazine with a remarkably good literary department. We regard your "Justice" as one of the most worth-while poems we have come upon in some time. Couldn't you enlarge a bit on your Editorial Department?—"Chronicle," Hartford, Conn.

We never have to wonder whether your paper will interest us. It is very good.—"Abhis," No. Abington, Mass.

A fine idea in the Foreign Language Department. The literary work is a wonderful example to other magazines.—"Advance," Salem, Mass.

The exchange department is most complete. Your business managers must be on the go all the time. They deserve congratulations.—"The Bulletin," Watertown.

We like the general tone of your publication especially the way you set off your literary articles with poems.—"Oak Leaves," Maine.

THE ARGUENOT ON OUR COMMENTS

"The Bulletin."—You certainly are on our exchange list and we are proud to have you. You deserve great praise for your "Fad Issue." It was excellent from cover to cover.

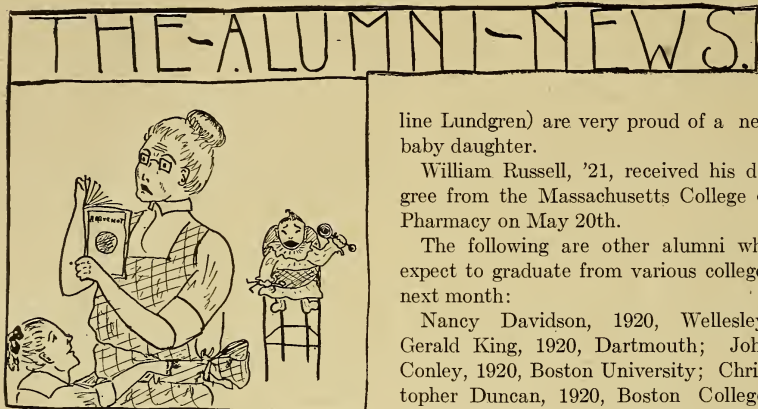
"The Garnet and White."—A most

interesting poetry number. We liked the poems, "Lonesome For Old Virginia" and "A Command." "The Daily Bogus News" was an enjoyable humorous feature.

"The Mirror."—Your jokes are always of the best. The athletic notes are well written and the foreign language department is very interesting.

"The Unquity Echo."—A paper with some excellent jokes and a fine exchange column.

"The Advance."—Your magazine is one of the finest we have seen. You have good stories, fine jokes, well-balanced departments, and an exchange column quite out of the ordinary.



Miss Anne Murphy, 1918, has announced her coming marriage on June 11 to Mr. William Geehan of Walpole.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peterson (Made-

line Lundgren) are very proud of a new baby daughter.

William Russell, '21, received his degree from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy on May 20th.

The following are other alumni who expect to graduate from various colleges next month:

Nancy Davidson, 1920, Wellesley; Gerald King, 1920, Dartmouth; John Conley, 1920, Boston University; Christopher Duncan, 1920, Boston College; Jane Sullivan, 1921, Boston University; Evelyn Blasenak, 1920, Boston University; Gertrude Wragg, 1922, Lasalle Seminary; Hope Jewett, 1921, Boston School Physical Education.

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